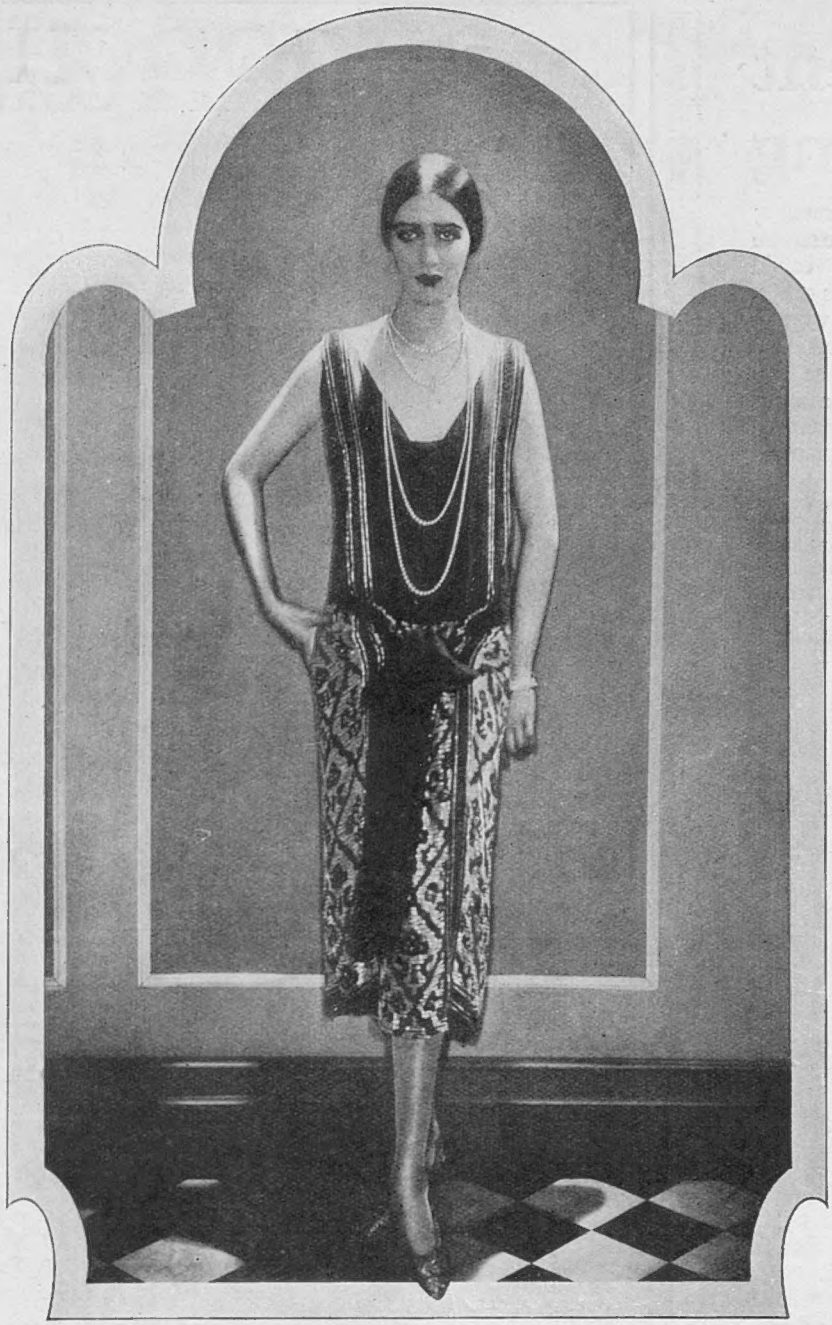

Photograph by Steichen
Costume by Frances Clyne

And yet

SHE CAN'T TELL SHE WEARS ONE

That's just one of the delightful features of a Gossard foundation garment. It fits snugly—gently moulds your figure to perfect symmetry—makes you look younger and more attractive. Yet you won't know you are wearing it—and neither will anyone else.

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Elastic Belvadears - The Complete - Girdles - Step-ins - Combinations
Reducing Garments - - Brassières - - Gossard Front-lacing Corsets

The attractive lines of the gown shown in the accompanying photograph are emphasized by Gossard Model 1034 (above) a front-lacing, elastic top corset. Offered in fancy silk broché, in sizes 24 to 36.

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Permanent Waving

THE discerning note, the subtle something called distinction, is achieved by the woman whose hair has been waved by one imbued with that sense of elegance personal to every woman.

THERE is no aspect of the Art of the Hairdresser which entails a more minute regard for these essentials than the waving of the hair.

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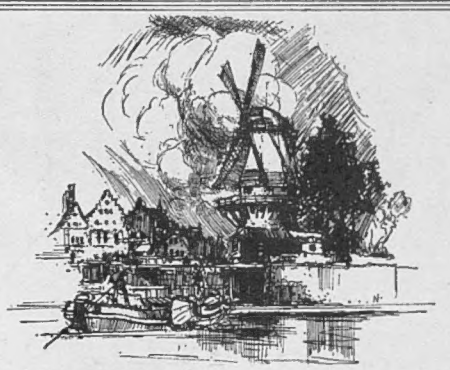

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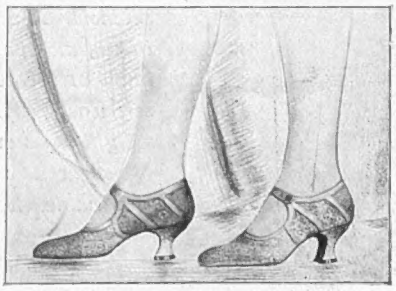
Brown Lizard Promenade Shoe *(as sketch), with Louis heel and strap of oak colour glacé kid.*

PRICE **84/-** per pair



Grey Lizard Promenade Shoe *(as sketch) with glacé kid strappings to tone, moderate Louis heel.*

PRICE **89/6** per pair

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JUMPER SUIT
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SMART women have unanimously accepted the revival of the Court Shoe. Before making your choice Harrods suggest that you inspect their new Styles. An example in soft Calf with kid facings is shown here. The colour is the new 'Caramel' Tan, to be much worn this summer. Sizes 3 to 8. Two fittings to each size. 35/9

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DISTINCTIVE OVERSHIRT (as sketch), copy of a Drecol model made in heavy crepe de Chine, fancy stripes on white ground; the shirt front is of stripes going the reverse way with strap down centre, perfectly cut and tailored. Sizes 13 to 14½. In Saxe / White, Mauve, Peach, Tan, Rose, Black.

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***Knitted Suit** (as sketch) exclusive to Harvey Nichols. The coat is knitted in a fancy pattern of wool and artificial silk, with self wool skirt. Very light weight cuffs and collar are of sheared wool. In all seasonable shades.*

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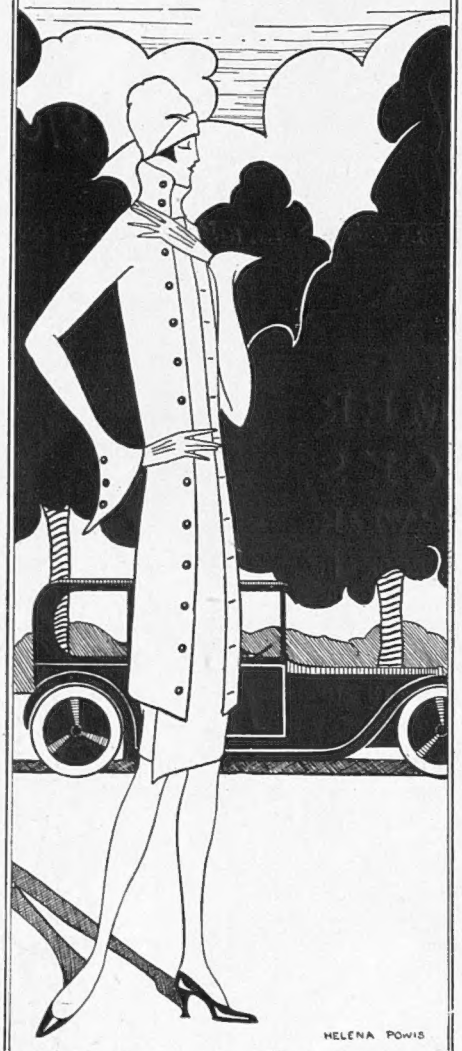
High Life Shoe Styles

THE new shades for this spring and early summer are Nude, Beige, Cinnamon and Tobacco. The most popular leather at the moment is Glace Kid. The smartest shoes are not always necessarily the most expensive shoes, as will be seen from those illustrated here. You should make a point of seeing these and other beautiful spring models displayed at the High Life Stores.



HELENA POWIS

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25/-

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21/-

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The brilliant buckle fastening and smart cut-out at side give this Open-cut Bar Shoe a very smart appearance. High Louis heel. In Beige or Light Tan Glace Kid. Also in Black Patent Leather

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35/-

A beautiful Court Shoe in Nude Glace Kid with Beige Glace Kid collar and fancy coloured stitchings. Louis heel and white glace lining. In half-sizes from 2 to 8.

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An elegant Court Shoe with contrasting collar and Louis heel. In Nude or Beige Glace Kid with White Glace Kid design. In half-sizes from 2 to 8.

60587
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A new Court Shoe in Cinnamon Glace Kid with White Glace Kid design across the collar and the new spike heel. Lined with White Glace. In half-sizes from 2 to 8.

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An elegant Continental style with unusual bar effect and enamelled buckle across the front. Louis heel and smart cut-outs at side. In Nude or Beige Glace Kid. In half-sizes from 2 to 8.

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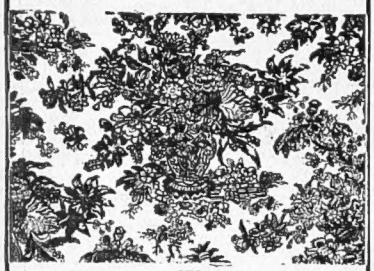
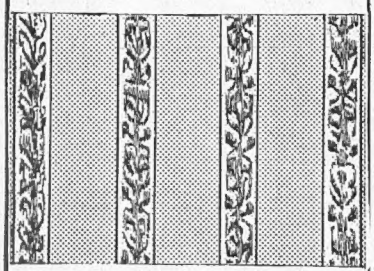


278

No. 278 E.B.—CRETONNE, Chinese Vase Design. Colours: Jaspe or Sea Green Grounds with Green, Pink, Brown and Yellow, or Jaspe Ground with Brown, Blue and Green. 31 in. wide
PRICE per yard **2/11**



274

No. 274 E.B.—Shadow Stripe TAFFETA. Colours: Blue, Orange, and Blue Shot, with Stripe in Rose, Blue, etc. 50 in. wide. PRICE per yard **2/11½**

Stripe Taffeta, various designs, stripes, and colourings. 50 in. wide.
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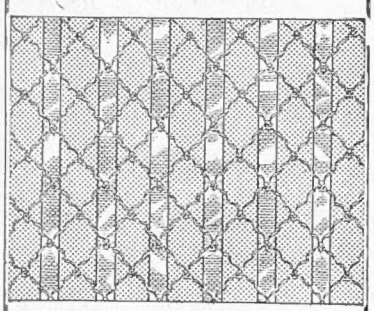

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No. 275 E.B. — Sundour Satin Stripe DAMASK. Fadeless. In nine good colours. 50 in. wide.
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for every type of figure and every occasion—but for reducing, wear the new

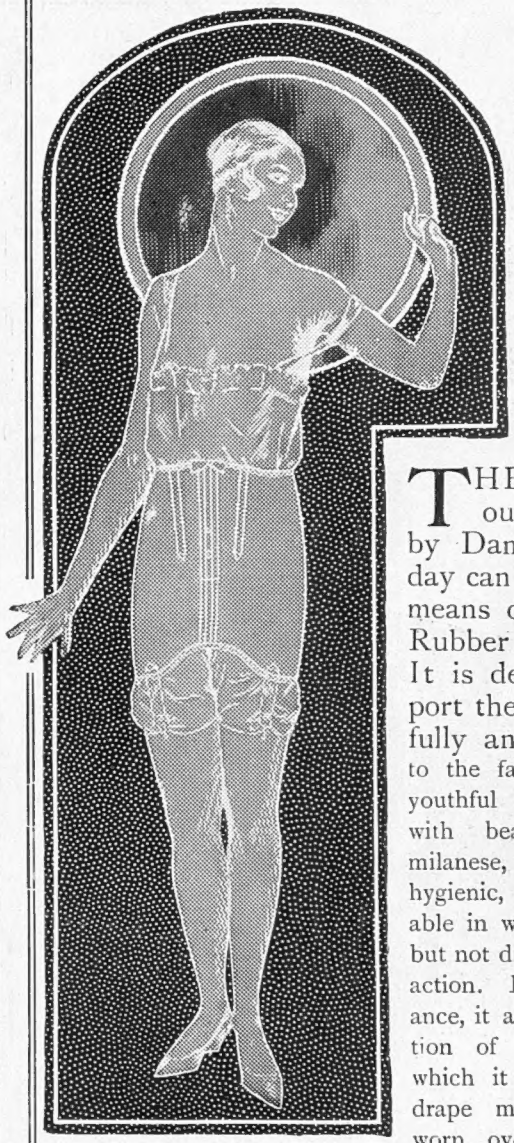

Illustration showing Model 2703, silk covered; 2303, cotton covered.

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THE slim, boyish outline demanded by Dame Fashion today can be obtained by means of the new J.B. Rubber Figure Reducer. It is designed to support the figure healthfully and to mould it to the fashionable lines of youthful slimness. Faced with beautiful pink silk milanese, it is perfectly hygienic, extremely comfortable in wear, and it is sure but not drastic in its reducing action. Beautiful in appearance, it adds to the fascination of the gown under which it is worn. Frocks drape more smartly when worn over the new J.B. Rubber Figure Reducer.

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"MARTINIQUE"

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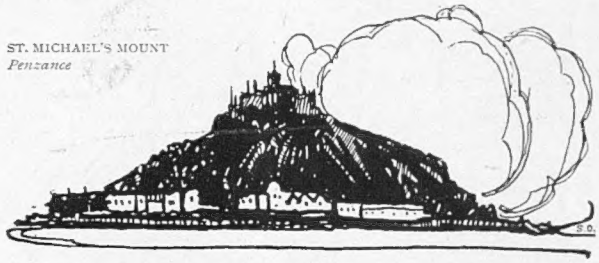

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The Bystander, April 29, 1925

No. 1117. Vol. LXXXVI.

The BYSTANDER

Hay Wrightson

MISS ELSPETH MARY MALCOLMSON

The elder daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Vernon Malcolmson, and a niece of Lord Belper. A coming-out dance was given for her last month

Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.

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DEWAR'S

What a Month!

WE know that Robert Browning wanted to spend April in England, because he wrote a poem to advertise the fact, but, for my part, give me the merrie month of May, when all the big races are run, and a man can win a pot of money if he only knows which horses will win them. Jack Hobbs will be back at the Oval; there will be doings at Cambridge with the opening of the May term, and, altogether, life will become worth living. And about time, too.

Artist—and Author

WHILE extending the warmest welcome to the exhibition of Max Beerbohm caricatures at the Leicester Galleries, I could wish that the literary gifts of the inimitable one could come in for a little more limelight. There are some who find Max a trifle self-satisfied, but he has written things that give him the right:

A man who knows it all—and more
Is apt to make some critics sore,
But I forgive you as I sit
And read your "Happy Hypocrite."
One day you'll drop *your* mask of wax
And then we'll know you better, Max!

When Great Men Play

IN the many columns that have been written of the late John Sargent, I have seen no reference to those idyllic days spent at Fairford, when the famous painter visited the Cotswold home of that other great artist, E. A. Abbey. Round about the upper Thames valley you will find sketches by Sargent in the most unexpected places, for he was a generous soul and scattered personal souvenirs with a free hand. Cricket was the principal relaxation of the house-party, and famous names are to be found in the old cricket score-books of the local clubs. Those were happy days!

Is It a Joke?

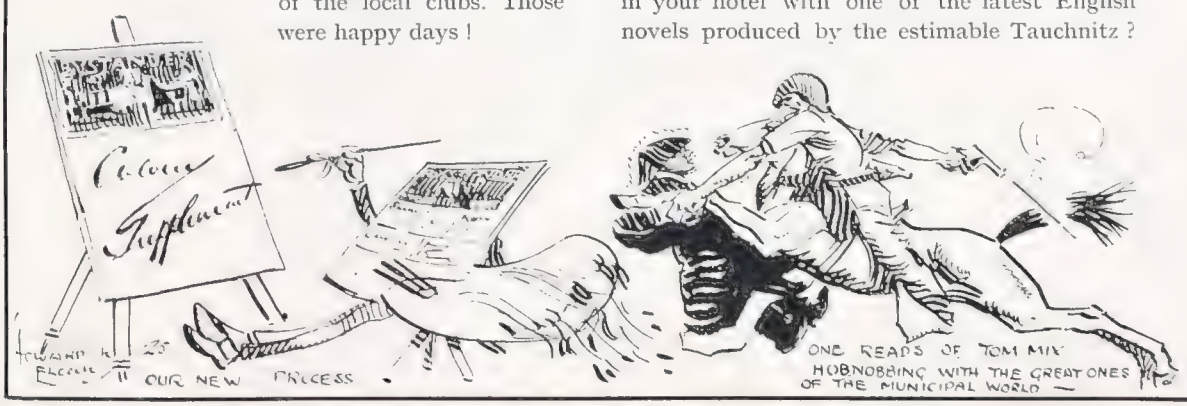
IS there anything really wrong with our young men? Do these baggy bags betoken an effeminate strain, or are they merely the result of high sartorial spirits? Older men gaze upon them with gloomy forebodings, and bitter gibes are passed in clubs and public places where they most abound. There is nothing of good nature in the assertion that one of these wearers of divided skirts whispered to another such that he was "showing too much ankle." If these lady-like young lads are being merely silly, the joke has gone far enough, and if it is no joke, the sooner popular opinion makes itself felt the better for all concerned.

Mr. Gilligan Agrees

LONG ago, when Mr. Gilligan had only lost the toss on two occasions and there was still a chance that he might bring the mythical "Ashes" back with him, I suggested, with all deference, that the result of a game should not depend too greatly upon the spin of a coin. Being a constructive sort of critic, I agreed that after the first toss the contestants should take turn and turn about. Since that distant date, the agitation has grown until the climax is reached with the English skipper's definite endorsement of my original suggestion. Cricket is, very rightly, a conservative pastime, but in view of this official support I am hoping that I did not waste my ink.

Mild Smuggling

THE death of Fritz Baedeker, of the famous guides, rather curiously brought into prominence that other German publisher, Herr Tauchnitz, who has conferred an almost deeper debt upon the travelling public. What does it matter if you know nothing of the town you are visiting so long as you can sit in your hotel with one of the latest English novels produced by the estimable Tauchnitz?



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The bringing into England of these jolly little volumes is the mildest form of smuggling known to modern man, and the gradual growth on one's shelves of a Tauchnitz library is one of the prime pleasures of the literary traveller.

One Wonders

EACH time that some new stunt merchant of the films crosses the Atlantic, the public wonders mildly at the wire-pulling that results in official receptions on his arrival in this country. One reads of Tom Mix hob-nobbing with the great ones of the municipal world; one sees pictures of his circus performances on these occasions, and, as I say, one wonders how it is done. Are their worships of Southampton and London such confirmed film fans that they must needs grasp the hand of Jackie Coogan and his ilk, or is the reception accorded Mr. Mix merely a proof that his press agent is earning his money?

"STUMPED!" By Alfred Leete

STANLEY: "Why don't you play cricket, Ramsay?"
RAMSAY: "What *is* cricket?"

The End of England

THE organisers of the Labour Party are tremendously efficient, and recently they have been turning their attentions to the "backward areas" in the West Country. In other words, they have been laying siege to the strongholds of their opponents, and unless Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was lost at Lostwithiel or Looe, he was spreading the Gospel of Socialism in the neighbourhood of Land's End the other day. Land's End is one of the ends of England—but only one, as residents in the "backward areas" may soon discover if they follow in the footsteps of Mr. MacDonald and his friends.

Our Red Railways

WHEN Mr. J. H. Thomas was criticised at Hartlepool for breaking bread with the Prime Minister at the G.W.R. luncheon in their joint honour, the railwaymen gave yet a further example of their strongly Socialistic leanings. Rightly or wrongly, the railwaymen are very red, and it was, consequently, a little surprising to find that when they desired to raise funds for their excellent Benevolent Society, the flags sold were not red flags, but Union Jacks. The public welcomed the opportunity to pay their tribute to the splendid work of the men who work the iron roads of England, but the cynic murmured the old tag:

> The Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be.
> The Devil was well—the devil a monk was he!

Drunk and Insatiable

THERE is a skeleton in the dust-bin of the modern dramatist who attempts to pile the Pelion of degenerate fancy upon the Ossa of diseased wit. He must ever get nastier and nastier. Humour may succeed humour in varying degree, but the man with the muck-rake must wallow deeper and deeper in his mental mud until he is happily submerged in his own particular Slough of Despond. First-night audiences continue to hug themselves in the knowledge that they cannot be shocked, but they can be bored—a state of affairs that will arise when the limits of theatrical decency are reached and they are invited to enjoy a putrid stew made from the putrid meal of the night before.

Our Colour Supplement

THE best-dressed man in London probably does not bother to learn anything about the technical processes by which his new spring suit has achieved its perfection of line and form. Nor need the best lawn-tennis player of his day know just how it is that his racket has the perfect poise and the reliability of finely tempered steel. Nevertheless, if he is the discerning person that modern championship standards demand, he will know a good deal more about the racket than merely how best to use it on the courts. So it is with the best and most discerning readers. Need I say I refer to *you*? Of course I need not! Doubtless you are wondering exactly just how the new colour process works by which is produced the wonderful set of colour pages in the centre of this issue. I will enlighten you.

How It's Done

THE process is known as Photogravure or Intaglio—the same word that the wife uses to describe the old Italian ring her grandmother left her, because it is the same principle, *i.e.*, a cutting-in. Now, in the Intaglio or Photogravure Process, huge copper cylinders are engraved or cut in by photo-mechanical process, a series of cells being etched into the metal to various depths by means of acids of different strengths, after which ink is flooded into the cells, the surplus ink being scraped away, and the ink in the cells then transferred by means of great pressure to the paper that you now hold in your—— What? You don't want to know any more? Well, you've got the splendid results on the centre pages of this issue, printed by means of this new process on a paper that does not possess the disadvantages for colour-reproduction of the ordinary shiny surface. And if you'll realise that this is the first time that this ingenious process has been used for colour work on such a large scale as is demanded by a circulation like THE BYSTANDER'S, I shall spare you further details, particularly as I have now come to the end of the page.

Topical Weeknesses

BY H. H. HARRIS

SOME PICTORIAL NOTES OF THE MARCH OF EVENTS

Photographs I. B. and G. P. U.

"REMEMBERING YOU WE WILL BE BRAVE AND STRONG . . . ."

The St. George's Day ceremony at Zeebrugge, when King Albert of Belgium unveiled the memorial to commemorate the British Storming of the Mole at Zeebrugge on that memorable St. George's Day seven years ago. Our photograph shows the King and Queen welcoming the distinguished guests, including Sir John Salmond, the Earl of Cavan and Sir Roger Keyes. Inset: King Albert reading his address at the unveiling ceremony

A NAVAL OCCASION *Central Press*

Vice-Admiral Sir Hugh Tothill, K.C.B., inspecting the staff of instructors on board H.M.S. Caroline. This light cruiser has been handed over by the Imperial Government to the Ulster Branch of the R.N.V.R.

The Queen and the Palermitans

IN Sicily, the Queen I hear was deeply interested in the historical associations of Palermo and the many evidences of the Angevin and Spanish occupations. At the Palazzo Trabia, for instance, which was visited by the King and Queen, one of the rooms is hung with gorgeous Cordova leather, put in when the palace was built three hundred years or so ago.

I hear, too, that the Queen won the hearts of the Palermitans "by her regal, gracious manner," and that the people in the streets called her "*Che bedda Regina*," which is Sicilian for "What a beautiful Queen." Her Majesty, you will remember, made precisely the same impression upon the people of Rome when she and the King paid their State visit to Italy.

Princess Trabia, who received the King and Queen at Palazzo Trabia, is a sister of Signor Florio, the head of the great Italian steamship line of Florio, Rubattino. Her husband holds seven princedoms, three dukedoms, four marquisates, four countships, and six baronies. Another Palermitan host of the King and Queen, Prince Gangi, draws an immense revenue from the tunny fisheries. The tunny after being caught are tinned and sent to all parts of the Italian-speaking world.

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Riches to Riches

TREMENDOUS financial interests were linked by the marriage last week of Lord Swaythling's eldest son, the Hon. Stuart Montagu, and Lord Bearsted's granddaughter, Miss Violet Levy. Lord Swaythling is head of the banking firm of Samuel Montagu and Co., and Lord Bearsted, who owns a considerable portion of Mayfair—he bought it from the Earl of Berkeley—is the chairman of the Shell Transport and Trading Company, which he founded.

Lord Bearsted was Lord Mayor of London when the mother of last week's bride married the late Major Walter Levy. That marriage took place in the Egyptian Hall at the Mansion House by the Jewish rite—the only occasion on which a marriage has ever been celebrated in the Lord Mayor's official residence.

Time's Whirligig

ONCE upon a time Madame Novikoff was regarded as a secret and subtle agent of the Tsar's Government. She went everywhere in London, knew everybody. People wagged their heads meaningly over her supposed influence, both on the banks of the Thames and on the banks of the Neva, and especially over her

A SERVICE WEDDING *G.P.U.*

Lieutenant H. Thornton-Jones, of H.M.S. Excellent, leaving St. Michael's, Chester Square, with his bride. Mrs. Thornton-Jones was formerly Miss Margaret Robinson, and is a daughter of the late Canon Ludovick Robinson

friendship with Gladstone. She was believed to pull the strings in every direction.

Now that she is dead, it transpires she was never a spy at all. Her one object in life was to promote the cause of the Slav races and the elimination of the Turk from Europe. She had a strong personality, and such was her influence that at one time she had considerable effect upon the British attitude towards Turkey. But she never had her finger so deeply in the pie of high politics as most people imagined. And now all those high politics, and all that they stood for, have vanished. Madame Novikoff lived to see the world in which she had played so big a part crumble to pieces.

Pictures of Norway

ALTHOUGH Sir Francis Newbolt is a King's Counsel and has been Recorder of Doncaster, Chancellor of the Dioceses of Exeter and Bradford, and is now Official Referee of the Supreme Court, he finds time to etch and paint in pastel. His etchings and pastels of Norway at the Beaux Arts Gallery, in Bruton Place, have no suggestion of the amateur, and fully deserved the praise given them by the Norwegian Minister when he opened the exhibition last Monday. Sir Francis has often exhibited at the Royal Academy.

Those amongst you who know Norway, should go to see the exhibition; and those amongst you who don't know that country of fjords and fishing should likewise go and learn something of its beauties, which have never been shown before in such a complete series of pictures.

Wishing Chairs

HAVE you ever heard of a wishing-chair? I must confess I never had until my colleague on THE BYSTANDER, Mr. Ralph Straus, told me the following story. A friend of his one day last year asked him if he knew anything about "wishing-chairs." Mr. Straus knew nothing. His friend then told him that one of these chairs was in London, that it belonged to Lady Barker, who has done so much for Kitchener House, and he would take him to Lowndes House—this has now been taken by Lord and Lady Reading for their visit to London—to sit in it.

Mr. Straus was taken to Lowndes House and sat in the chair—in the midst of the chatter of a tea-party. It was a chair of the eighteenth century, just like any chair of that period, except for a wishing-wheel let into the back.

Now, here comes in the point of the story. Mr.

A PICTORIAL SELECTION FROM SOME OF LAST WEEK'S WEDDINGS

G. P. U.

UNDER CROSSED SWORDS

Lieutenant J. M. Money, R.N., and his bride, Miss Doreen Dyse, leaving Christ Church, Ealing, after their wedding. The bridegroom is posted with Submarine K 12

Straus was high and dry for a plot for a novel to succeed his delightful *The Unseemly Adventure*. He sat in the chair more out of civility than conviction, but, being there, he wished that a plot would present itself during the next week.

And out of the blue a plot did come, and within the week. That plot you will find in Mr. Straus's new novel, *Married Alive*, which was published yesterday.

A Sad Coincidence

LADY FREDERICK CAVENDISH took a house some years ago at Penshurst in order to be near her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Talbot, who lived a few miles away at Edenbridge. The two sisters, who were the daughters of the seventh Viscount Cobham, and, consequently, the aunts of the present peer, were devoted to one another. They both died last Wednesday, Lady Frederick first and Mrs Talbot two hours afterwards.

Bassano

A THEATRICAL ALLIANCE

Commander H. G. Stoker, D.S.O., R.N. (retired) and his bride, Miss Dorothie Pidcock, photographed at the reception at the Cecil after their wedding at the Savoy Chapel. Both bride and bridegroom are playing in "Spring Cleaning" at the St. Martin's Theatre

AT THE RECEPTION *Lafayette*

The Hon. Stuart Montagu, eldest son of Lord and Lady Swaythling, and his bride, Miss Mary Violet Levy, eldest daughter of the late Major Levy, D.S.O., and the Hon. Mrs. Levy, photographed after their wedding. The ceremony took place at the New West End Synagogue, St. Petersburg Place

Lady Frederick's death recalls the brutal murder, forty years ago, of her husband, Lord Frederick Cavendish, in the Phœnix Park a few hours after his arrival in Dublin to take up his duties as Chief Secretary, to which he had been appointed by Gladstone.

A New Dancing Club

We are to have a new dancing and dining club—the Haymarket Kit-Cat Club. Its *locale* will be under the new Capitol Theatre, in the Haymarket, and four hundred couples will be able to dance in the ballroom, which will have fifty-seven different varieties of lighting. The kitchen will be under the direction of the famous Soso, and the music will be provided by Vincent Lopez, who is described as "in a sense the present-day dictator of American dance-music," and his band. The Haymarket Kit-Cat Club, which promises to be the last word in dancing and dining clubs, opens on May 11.

Sir Ronald Storrs and Jerusalem

Sir Ronald Storrs, the Governor of Jerusalem, has sent me a portfolio of views of Jerusalem from paintings by T. Benor-Kalter. These portfolios are to be sold for the benefit of the Pro-Jerusalem Society which was founded by Sir Ronald for the purpose of saving the antiquities of the Holy City and protecting it from industrial desecration. So valuable is the work of the Society that the Civil Administration gave it a charter and contributes pound for pound of the membership dues it draws from all over the world.

The Pro-Jerusalem Society not only preserves ancient buildings and historic sites, but likewise helps local industries, such as weaving and hand-painted tiles and pottery. I have never been to Jerusalem myself, but a friend who knows the Holy City well, and to whom I showed the portfolio of Mr. Benor-Kalter's paintings, was most enthusiastic about them. They are certainly very beautiful, and if any of you want to help Sir Ronald Storrs in his work in preserving the antiquities of Jerusalem you can get one of the portfolios from Mrs. Kelly, M.B.E., The Arts and Crafts of Palestine, 5, Harrington Road, South Kensington, S.W.7.

What the Butler Said

I never see or hear the name Legge without being reminded of an ancient story which has the double merit of being true and of being so old that scarcely anybody nowadays knows it.

At one time there were several maiden daughters of an Earl of Dartmouth living together in London. Likewise there were several maiden daughters of a Marquis of Bath doing the same thing. On one occasion the two bands of spinster sisters arrived at a party together.

The butler, unable to cope with the torrent of "Lady So-and-So Legge" and "Lady Such-and-Such Thynne," flung open the drawing-room door and in stentorian tones announced the double band of sisters as "The Ladies Thynne-Legges."

Say that out loud, and hear what it sounds like. And the times were mid-Victorian!

Madame Albani

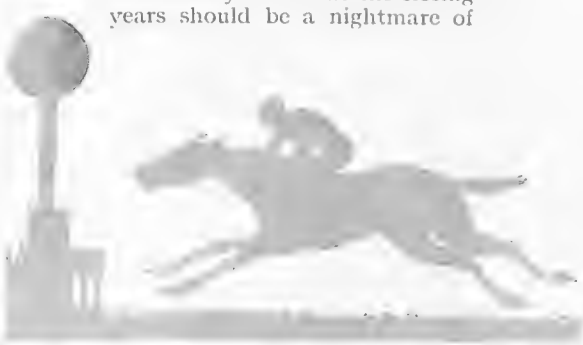
You must all go to the concert at Covent Garden which is being given, under the patronage of the King and Queen, on May 25, for Madame Albani. The War, and unfortunate investments, have swept away Madame Albani's careful savings of years. She has made a brave struggle in teaching, but when you are over seventy, and have worked as hard as she worked for the greater part of her life, it is bitterly hard that the closing years should be a nightmare of

Alfieri

SIR ALGERNON AND LADY PEYTON

British Illus.

THE HON. LOIS STURT AND LORD PEMBROKE



Alfieri

COL. P. GLYN AND LADY BRECKNOCK

Sport and General

LADY WARRENDER (left), LORD SHAFTESBURY, MADAME MERRY DEL VAL AND LORD HERBERT

DOWN BOURNEMOUTH WAY

Some of those who were present at the inaugural meet of the Bournemouth Hunt Club, which was recently held on the new course at Ensbury Park. The meeting was a great success, for not only was the weather fine, but first or second favourites turned up with welcome regularity

Sport and General

LADY CHESHAM AND COLONEL SPENCER

Sport and General

LORD CHESHAM AND THE HON. SYLVIA PORTMAN

G. P. U.

PRINCE HENRY AND LORD LONSDALE

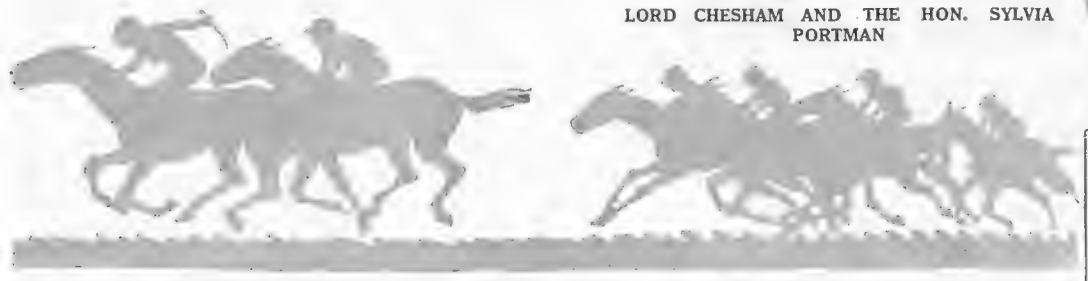
UP ON THE DOWNS

Some of the "Among-those presents" at the recent meeting at Epsom, where the enclosures have been greatly improved. The sunshine went a long way towards atoning for that 25-1 winner of the City and Suburban

worry. So if we all go to the concert we can do a little towards removing that nightmare from the old age of one of our greatest singers to whom the Fates have been unduly cruel.

My Lords Sempster

IF a female needlewoman is called a sempstress, surely a male needleman must be called a sempster?



In May there is to be an exhibition of soldiers' needlework at Norfolk House, in St. James's Square, and for this exhibition there is to be a competition for a gold thimble. Three peers have entered the competition, the Earl of Listowel, Lord Gainford, and Lord Carmichael.

Lord Listowel, who recently succeeded his father, who lived to be a nonogenarian, is a big game hunter, and once upon a time was in the Scots Guards. Lord Gainford is the first baron. He has been Postmaster-General, President of the Board of Education, and heaps of other high political things, and belongs to that solid old mercantile Yorkshire family, the Peases. So interested is he in his needlework that he even does it in the train.

Lord Carmichael is also the first baron. Until thirteen years ago he was Sir Thomas Gibson-Carmichael, and before he received his peerage had been the Governor of Victoria, Governor of Madras, and the first Governor of the Bengal Presidency. His *forte* is Florentine work; Lord Gainford works on canvas. The late Lord Fitzhardinge used to knit. I remember seeing a knitting-machine in his dressing-room at Berkeley Castle. You moved your feet up and down as dressmakers do on a sewing-machine, and lo! your feet made stockings!

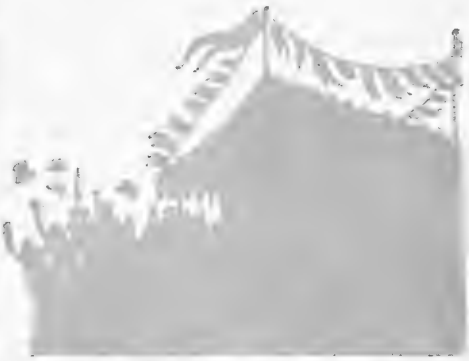
Not What He Meant

SPEAKING of men and needlework, I must tell you a diverting story. A man who did marvellous needlework married, rather late in life, a rich widow whose first husband had left her an exquisite collection of old miniatures. These miniatures were in the widow's house somewhere on the borders of Wales.

Shortly after their marriage the couple met one of the leading authorities on miniatures. Their collection was known to him, but he had not seen it, and such was his "thusey-musey" that the wife asked him to pay them a visit. But she forgot to say anything about it to her husband.

The authority on miniatures arrived at tea-time. After tea the other guests drifted away, as they always do, and he and his host were left alone.

"Would you show me your collection?" the miniature authority asked.



Sport and General

LADY STANLEY AND COLONEL DUFF

The host was delighted, and carried him off to a room upstairs. In the centre was a big satin-wood stand with rows and rows of little drawers.

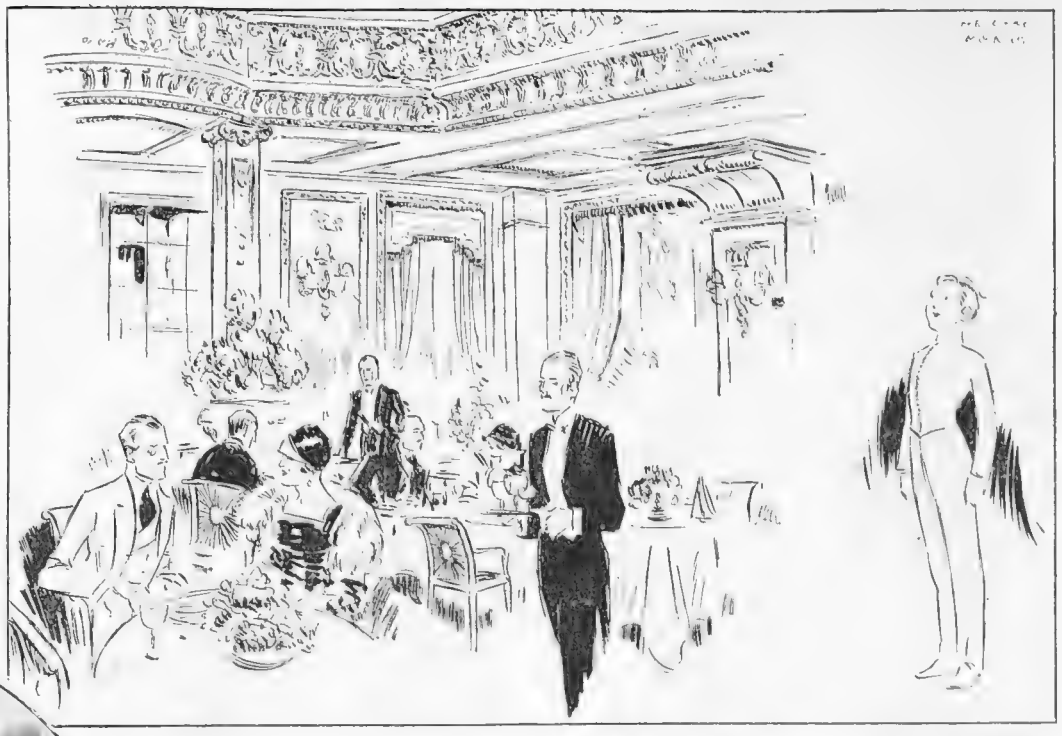
"Ah, I see you keep them from the light," said the authority.

"One cannot run any risk from dust or confusion in colours," replied the host. "You see, every colour is in its own drawer."

He opened drawer after drawer containing silks of all shades and colours.

The authority was not in the least interested. "But I wanted to see your miniatures," he said.

"You asked to see my *collection*," was the answer—a very chilly one. "This is the finest collection of silks in Europe!"



AN OLD FAVOURITE IN A NEW GUISE

By Helen McKie

An impression by Miss Helen McKie of the newly-opened Louis XIV Restaurant at the Trocadero. The "Troc," as London knows it to-day, is very different from the Trocadero of 1896—the old Music Hall owned by Didcot and Chevalier. Still further removed was it from its earlier forbear, the old Argyll Rooms, which were described by a writer of the period as having "a very unsavoury reputation." There's nothing "unsavoury" about the "Troc" to-day!

Muddling

CALLING titles out of abeyance can lead to all sorts of muddles when the same title is already borne by another peer. The most confusing, perhaps, is that of Lord Dudley, whose barony was called out of abeyance fourteen years ago after being dormant for a century and a half. He was then Mr. Lea-Smith. His wife was a relative of the veteran Earl of Coventry. You can imagine the mistakes that could arise if Lord and Lady Dudley were taken to be the Earl of Dudley and his Countess—formerly Miss Gertie Millar—or *vice-versa*.

Alfieri

A LOOK AT LOUGHBOROUGH

The Hon. Averill Furness (centre) with her brother Christopher, and Miss Farquhar, at the Quorn 'Chases at Loughborough. Despite a threat of rain there was a great gathering of Midlanders for this popular annual meeting, and entries were numerous. In the Loughborough Open Handicap, Captain Humphrey de Trafford's "Charlton III" finished alone; Mr. Filmer Sankey's weighty "Good Points" was strongly fancied for the race before the meeting

Yet Another Warning

WE have all heard of the people—allies of burglars, cat and otherwise—who get orders to view furnished houses from the agents and either "pinch" any small trifle they can lay their hands on whilst they are being shown over, or spy out the land for their confederates. But I have just heard of a new terror to the hapless householder.

Servants come and go in these days in most houses with almost the same regularity as trains going in and out of a terminus. A lady of my acquaintance has had eighteen cooks in one month. My private reflection is that eighteen non-efficients in thirty days suggests some failing domestically on the side of the mistress. But this is a digression. I started out to tell you about the new terror.

I have it on excellent authority that women go to first-class registry offices and put down their names as cooks, parlour-maids, ladies' maids, or house-maids. But they have no intention of taking a place. Their object is to get inside a house of circumstance.

They are sent by the registry office to interview a prospective mistress. During that interview they ask if they may see the house so that they can get an idea of the nature of the work. Of course, the prospective mistress agrees and shows them over. When they depart she hears no more of them, but if the house is worth burgling, after many of such visits, it is burgled.

The use of sham servants as spies and informers for burglars has become so frequent that—at least so I'm told—none of the high-class registry offices send anybody to interview possible mistresses in their own houses without a private letter from the registry.

Burglary is becoming one of the fine arts.

MORE QUORN *Topical*

Lady Mary FitzMaurice and Mr. A. A. S. Villar at the Quorn 'Chases at Loughborough

The Diddled Burglar

SPEAKING of burglary, a woman who owns a good deal of valuable jewellery, and likewise possesses a rather fussy husband, recently scored heavily over a burglar and her husband, too. The husband insisted, and wisely, that the jewellery should be kept at the bank.

For a big function the lady wore all the most important pieces—tiara, necklace, stomacher and bracelets—promising her husband most faithfully that she would send them all back to the bank the next morning. But she forgot.

It was only when she saw all the cases in her dressing table drawers as she was dressing for dinner the next night that

she remembered the omission. She was in rather a panic because she didn't trust her maid, who had been with her only a short time, and also because she was rather afraid of her husband's wrath.

Dismissing the maid she put the contents of the jewel cases into the dirty linen basket, hiding tiara, necklace, stomacher, bracelets, brooches, stars and rings between layers of garments destined for the laundry. Then she put all the cases back in the drawers of the dressing table.

She and her husband were dining out. When they returned they found the household in tears and confusion, policemen on the hall-mat and detectives looking for finger marks with magnifying glasses in the lady's bedroom which was in a state of confusion only equalled by a spring-cleaning or a household removal.

Empty jewel cases were scattered all over the floor, every drawer in the dressing-table, and in a chest of drawers had been pulled out, and their contents flung anywhere. In short, practically everything in the room had been turned upside down, except the dirty linen basket, sitting demurely in its corner.

You can imagine what a fussy husband would say, can't you, when he saw the empty jewel cases, and so discovered his wife's forgetfulness?

He was beginning to give a list of the "stolen jewels" to the police, when his wife went to the dirty linen basket and tipped its contents out on to the floor. All her jewels were there!

The burglar—of the cat tribe—had gone to no other room in the house. His haul was only a few trifles from the lady's dressing-table. But how could he have known that those thousands of pounds worth of jewels would be in that particular room on that particular night because of their owner's forgetfulness to send them back to the bank, unless he had had information from somebody in the house itself? The maid gave notice the next morning!

Central News

RACEGOERS ACROSS THE TWEED

The Duke of Montrose and General Beard at the Edinburgh Spring Meeting on the Musselburgh course

The Art of Eating

I SUPPOSE the modern habit of dancing with one's dinner is the chief factor in the dearth of restaurants that cater for the real *gourmet*. Even in Paris, they tell me, it is difficult to find a place where eating is an art and the *chef* is still numbered among the world's benefactors. In London the difficulty is still greater. But to those among my readers who are *gourmets* I can safely recommend the new French restaurant called *Boulestin*, in Leicester Square. It is the only place I know of in London where *vin rose* can be obtained—an excellent disproof of the popular belief that this delightfully decorative and palatable rose wine does not "travel." The head chef is from Paillard's, and the whole atmosphere is French, down to a slow charcoal grill and table-napkins handwoven by the Béarn peasants. The manager, Mr. X. Marcel Boulestin, is a caterer of many years' experience; he is the author of two books on cookery that are well worth perusal, *Simple French Cooking for English Homes* and an appetisingly named sequel, *A Second Helping;* he has translated Max Beerbohm's "Happy Hypocrite" into French, and was at one time a contributor to THE BYSTANDER. If you have not got to dash off to a theatre, but want to make an evening meal the affair of the evening, it will be worth your while to break a little bread *chez Boulestin*.

Central News

NORTHERN NOTABILITIES

Sir John Don-Wauchope (left), and Mr. James H. Rutherfurd (Master of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire) at the Edinburgh Spring Meeting. In the Edinburgh Three-Year-Old Handicap, Capt. C. F. Elsey's "Birchbroom," rather strongly fancied, reversed his defeat by "Salopian" at Newcastle

"THE POSTURES OF THE PIKE" By HELEN MCKIE

London's oldest battle-fighters, the Honourable Artillery Company, in the uniforms worn by the pikemen of the regiment in the reign of Charles I. The dignity of this delightful dress seems quite in keeping with a leisured age, wherein pikemen were bidden to march "just and even with a gallant and sumptious pace, for by so doing they shall be esteemed honoured and commended of the onlookers, who shall take wonderful delight to behold them." And so do the onlookers to-day!

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Cut and Dried

THINGS seemed all cut and dried last week as far as the first two classic races were concerned. Then, on Friday, when it seemed certain that Picaroon would be a red-hot favourite for the Two Thousand Guineas on Wednesday the colt went lame and had to be scratched. His performance in the Craven Stakes a fortnight ago showed us beyond all question that the Manton champion had trained on in the right way, and it looked as if he would only have had one really formidable opponent. I refer to Zionist, whose reputation is appreciably strengthened by his achievements this season, especially that at the Craven meeting.

Zionist's Chance

NO colt could have scored more smoothly than Zionist did in the Spring Stakes, but he did not have such strong opposition as his Manton rival demolished in the same week. Perhaps, however, it is doing an injustice to the Aga Khan's colt to have reckoned him appreciably inferior to Picaroon. It would have been highly interesting to have seen them put to such a practical test as this race for the Two Thousand Guineas on Wednesday. I have an idea that Zionist will make a genuine stayer, and perhaps his stamina will stand him in good stead in the Derby. There is one other runner for the Two Thousand who must be regarded with respect. I refer to Manna, of whom nothing has been seen in public so far this year. We remember him, however, as a colt with a remarkably good turn of speed, and one of whom more may be heard in the near future.

ALL THE WINNERS *Special Press*

The Violet team which recently won the Polo Cup presented by the Guildhall Corporation of Madrid. The group shows: the Marquis of Villabragina (left), King Alfonso, the Marquis of Viana, and Mr. Parada

A Forecast

FRED DARLING tells me that Manna has not grown a great deal since last season, but he has thickened out well, and the Beckhampton trainer is by no means displeased with his progress. Sir George Bullough's colours will be carried in the Guineas by St. Becan, who has been substantially backed at long prices for the Derby. So far as I understand the situation, this colt is thought to be still a little backward. He was galloped last week with his stable companions, Ethnarch and El Cacique, both of whom finished in front of him. But I know that St. Becan was not called upon to answer a very big question on that occasion. Those connected with him have very little faith in his prospects of beating Zionist this week, but they hope that another story will have to be told when these cracks meet over the longer journey for the Derby. In endeavouring to forecast the result of the Two Thousand I shall place **Zionist** first, and MANNA second.

The Fillies

ON Friday Saucy Sue appears to dominate the situation in the One Thousand. It is true that her stable companion, Miss Gadabout, gave rather a disappointing display at Pontefract last week, but Saucy Sue has always been reckoned very much the better of the two. She was, indeed, accounted the best two-year-old in the country last season, and there is no reason to suppose that she has lost her form. I predict the easy success of **Saucy Sue,** but I beg to be excused the task of naming the fillies who are likely to follow her home. There will be a big attraction for Metropolitan racegoers at the end of the week in the shape of the Victoria Cup at Hurst Park. I shall dismiss this event with the remark that it appears to be something like a handicap certainty for **Purple Shade.**

POLO NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

Jodhpur's Ponies

HURLINGHAM'S very large resources in the matter of stabling will be taxed to the utmost this season. In the first place accommodation has to be found for the Maharajah of Jodhpur's ponies, and I believe that these number no fewer than sixty-nine, with quite an army of native grooms in attendance on them. The Indian players have been taking part in the tournaments at Minehead during the past week, and the ponies are already beginning to shape well. The Jodhpur team is due to arrive in town on May 12. Colonel Arthur Scott-Duff tells me that arrangements are being made to place a strong Hurlingham side in the field against the Indians on Whit Monday, when the public will be admitted to a portion of the grounds. This will be one of the biggest days of the season at Hurlingham, as another club team is to give a practice game during the afternoon to the United States Army team.

The U.S.A. Team

IN addition to the big Indian stud, the ponies of our American visitors will be stabled at Hurlingham. The American officers are to be the guests of the club during the remainder of their visit, and here it may be noted that Hurlingham is being put to substantial expenditure in connection with the coming inter-army matches. The freight of the ponies to and from America alone forms a formidable item, the total outlay involved being not far short of £5,000. In these circumstances it is to be hoped that the inter-army encounters will be a big financial success. Special stands are being put up for the matches, which should prove a most attractive feature of the London season.

Our Army Side

HURLINGHAM will also stable the ponies of the British Army team, so you will realise the force of my remark that the club's accommodation will be fully taxed. The task of selecting the best British Army team is proceeding in a workmanlike way at Tidworth. The 17th-21st Lancers are, naturally, very keen that their regimental side shall represent the country *en bloc*. But a number of players from other regiments are receiving a thorough trial. Colonel F. B. Hurndall and Captain de Wend Fenton have been given a show from the 14th-20th Hussars. That fine Anglo-Indian player, Captain J. P. Dening, has also figured in the trial matches, together with the brothers McCreery, Captain Tremayne, Mr. J. Campbell, and several others. Thus there is little fear that the English Army will be below strength in the approaching tests.

Some More Teams

I HAVE already given the personnel of several teams which have been got together for the London season, including those run by the Duke of Westminster, Captain the Hon. F. E. Guest, and Mr. S. Sanford. I hear of several other promising combinations. Lord Wodehouse will have a good team, in which the Duke of Penaranda, Colonel P. K. Wise, and the Hon. A. Baillie will be included. Colonel the Hon. F. V. Willey's team will include Colonel H. A. Tomkinson, who is arriving home from India. I see that he has been playing regularly out there during the winter, which means that his damaged shoulder is now right again. Other members of this side will be Captain Tremayne and Major Colmore. The Hon. K. Mackay is running a team which will include Captain Beech, Major Leonard Tate, and that good young American player, Mr. R. Wanamaker.

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BY STAN TERRY

A CUP FINALIST

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

TARNISH

AT THE VAUDEVILLE

Produced March 30, 1925

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THE interest of this play lies chiefly in the singularly high quality of the acting. The story itself is of a very ordinary type, though it is ambitious enough to aim at pointing the moral that, however much a man may long to go to the girl of his heart as white as the drivelling snow (as the comic people say), he is bound to have picked up beforehand a little of the tarnish of the earth. The story opens in the flat of the Lee Tevis family in New York, and the whole of the action takes place on New Year's Eve.

AT the beginning of the play the chief anxiety of Mrs. Tevis—I should say Lee Tevis—is as to the whereabouts of her husband. Mr. Lee Tevis has apparently been something of a lady-killer all his life; and though he is now on the brink of old age, he is still fresh enough to cause worry to his watchful family. Mrs. Lee Tevis has a small annuity of a thousand dollars, and some three hours before, she sent her sportful husband to the bank to cash the usual half-yearly cheque. In view of his record, a little anxiety on the part of Mrs. Lee Tevis is not unreasonable, and the worry is by no means diminished when a garrulous neighbour looks in to say that she saw the old man, a little while since, talking to a girl friend at the corner of the street.

Stage Photo Co.

A PART THAT GRIPS

Miss Olga Lindo as Nettie Dark—a splendid piece of character acting—and Mr. Francis Lister as the young lover, in a dramatic scene from "Tarnish"

JOAN LEE TEVIS is the daughter of the family, a bright and quite beautiful performance by Miss Nora Swinburne. We see her at the beginning of the play on her return home from the City. Presently a young man of the name of Emmet Carr, a clerk in Joan's office, calls with the manifest intention of telling the story of his love. He begins by drawing attention to his improved prospects, and then ensues a very tender and delicate scene of courtship which is quite the most charming and convincing I remember to have seen. The young man's wistful pleading, and the note of clear sincerity throughout, are admirably presented by Mr. Francis Lister, whom I have not before seen to such advantage; while Joan's little moralisings in between her hesitating affirmatives give an idyllic genuineness to the dainty scene.

ABOUT this time Mr. Lee Tevis returns. Asked why he has been so long away,

he replies with a jaunty air that he has just been for a little stroll around — nothing more. No harm in that, surely? When Joan requests that he will hand over the five hundred dollars he has been to collect, as the money is sorely needed in the house, he protests that he ought not to be worried about a trifle like that immediately on his return home. Joan, however, knows her father too well, and she is persistent in her request, so that he finally gets up and feels for the money in all his pockets. Then he darts out into the hall to examine the pockets of his overcoat; and finally, with a voice choked with very artificial emotion, he gasps out dramatically that his money has been stolen from him! The disaster must have happened while he stood looking at a poor little boy who was being run over by a motor lorry, or a handcart, he cannot remember exactly which; and in order to excite a little sympathy from his entirely unsympathetic audience,

he repeats the story of the alleged tragedy with pathetic emphasis, and incidentally reveals the dismal fact that he does not possess the good memory traditionally essential for his kind.

JOAN is a bright, sweet girl, but having, as you might say, met her old man before, she fastens on the discrepancies of his tearful narrative with all the skill of an expert counsel for the prosecution. Step by step she leads him on from contradiction to contradiction till she forces him to admit that he has given the whole of the five hundred dollars to an unofficial lady friend in anticipation of favours to come. This deplorable confession having been wrung from him, Mr. Lee Tevis is woefully contrite, and asks for nothing more (or less) than that the grave will now open to receive him. But Joan is not out for reproaches, and she comes to the object of her cross-examination. Her design is to call on the lady in question and ask that the five hundred dollars may be restored to the family. Just that. It is good to find that there are people in this world whose confidence in their fellow creatures is still sweet and green.

IN the second act we are in the apartment of Nettie Dark, the lady in the case. She is a manicurist by trade, and lives in one room, the front part of which is her parlour, while a substantial double-bed in the background whispers its own tale of romance or something of that sort. On such an occasion as New Year's Eve, Nettie does not care to sup alone. She used formerly to know young Emmet Carr; but she realises that if she invites him to supper now, he will not come. She therefore persuades a neighbour to ring Emmet on the telephone and tell him that his old friend Nettie is sick and in want, confident that this tale of woe will bring the young man along in a kindly and helpful spirit. Meanwhile Nettie lays her table for a little supper for two, with a very obvious bottle of gin in the centre to impart a properly convivial tone to the proceedings.

Stage Photo Co.

FAMILY LIFE IN "TARNISH"

Miss Olga Lindo, Mr. Francis Lister, Miss Ethel Coleridge as Apolline Stutts (the "bootlegger's bride"), Mr. Aubrey Mather as Adolph Lee Tevis, Miss Nora Swinburne as his daughter Joan (the "good girl" of the family), and Miss Grace Edwin as the mother, Mrs. Lee Tevis

WHEN Emmet arrives we learn that he once enjoyed the intimate acquaintance of Nettie, and this sordid detail is his bit of "tarnish." But now that he has found his real love, Nettie's advances are if anything on the nauseating side. He is about to take his leave abruptly when Joan arrives on her errand of restitution. She is naturally shocked to find her Emmet in the company of a lady of notoriously elastic morals, and after the usual never-speak-to-you-again scene, takes herself tearfully off. It is all a little crude perhaps, but the exceptionally high quality of the acting carries the scene triumphantly along in spite of its mediocrity. As soon as Joan has gone, Emmet flings himself at Nettie and tries to strangle her. Failing in this, he drags her through the streets to Joan's house and compels her to tell the truth about his presence in her room.

MR. LEE TEVIS, a wholly delightful old rascal, is played by Mr. Aubrey Mather with life-like fidelity, and with just the necessary touch of humour that tones down the deplorable meanness of the character. The love story of the two young people ends on the same gentle note of genuine romance as that on which it began, so that it becomes entirely satisfying. *Tarnish* offers some of the best acting to be seen in London just now.

JINGLE

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"Business men are now the Bohemians"

MES AMIS—

A WELCOME to the Club of the Godivas. There is no reason why we should not be courteous and give them a welcome. But what in particular have we been doing that we should be thought to have need, not merely of one Lady Godiva, but of a whole club of them? It is said that we are wicked, but that is not precisely a new allegation. What extent of distress is to be emphasised by this cult of the enveloping tresses?

AT the outset this club of the *cheveux longs* was thought to be simply a protest against the tyranny of the fashion of *cheveux courts* and it created no occasion for alarm. But there is a good metre of difference between *cheveux longs* and the standard measurement established by the lady of the liberating locks. As the members are putting themselves to the trouble of attaining this essential minimum, it is obviously no mere outbreak of revelry against the clipped and cropped.

THEY are about to save us from something or other by a repetition of Lady Godiva's ride. *Eh bien*, their efforts will certainly be highly appreciated. If we are to have a Godiva cavalcade along the Champs Elysées during the Grande Semaine there will be nothing to fear for the Paris *saison*, and the Exposition of the Decorative Arts would be an assured success.

APROPOS of the Exposition, by the way, one wonders what impression is meant to be conveyed to visitors by the British pavilion. I have heard it described as a cross between a village church and a village pub., and the description has met with widespread approval. Perhaps it is intended to bring pangs of homesickness to British exiles. If brewery firms do not establish branches in the immediate vicinity, they are missing an excellent opportunity of profiting from the association of ideas. One look at that pavilion is sufficient to provoke any wandering Briton into an almost unquenchable thirst for something with foam on it. But Bordeaux is likely to be very cross about this introduction of the Burton note in Paris.

"Qualifying for the Godiva Club"

THERE must have been a sequence of heated altercations in London club smoke-rooms recently, repeated accusations that some selfish brute was sitting on, or making off with, that favourite stimulant of smoke-room gossip, *La Vie Parisienne*. But London clubmen may be consoled with the information that the scarcity of the giddy weekly has not been endured by them alone. Paris also has been afflicted. For some not generally known reason the people who produce *La Vie Parisienne* have been on strike. There is a rumour that it originated in a big increase in the price of the special *lingerie* worn by the models who sit for *Vie Parisienne* pictures.

THE price of the whole of the "undies" pictured in *La Vie Parisienne* could not put much strain on the bill of costs. We know that the less there is the more it costs, but the weeklies which show even less than the best-known one have continued to appear. The strike is another of this year's many mysteries.

ONE of the queerest of these mysteries is the migration of the "Bohêmes." If Murger could come back for a glance around Paris he would have the utmost trouble in locating the Bohemians. Obviously he would begin to search for them about the Boulevard St. Michel and other thoroughfares of the Latin Quarter, and if, after meandering fruitlessly there, he came to the conclusion that they had temporarily absented themselves, perhaps for a raid across the river, it might occur to him to climb up to Montmartre.

BUT he would not find his Bohemians there either, though he might find a lot of Americans and Moldavians playing at being Bohemians, and each mistaking the other for Parisian Bohemians, *vieille souche*. Murger would need help in finding the track of his types, for they have now gone

(Continued on page 300)

The Maid of the Mandolin

Alfred Cheney Johnston

MISS GEORGIA LEECH

As a Hawaiian maiden, complete with mandolin and garland. She is appearing in "George White's Scandals" at the Globe Theatre in New York—*not* London!

into commerce. Business-men are now the Bohemians, *joyeux garçons qui se refusent à compter*. In the Quarter the "counting" is altogether too thorough for Bohemianism. That may be one reason why the students have turned to politics.

BUT I saw one worthy descendant of the old "Bohêmes" while wandering about the Gingerbread Fair. He became very expressively annoyed at the compliments which a pale and thin young fellow was paying to the "Hercules" of the Fair, a *costaud* who was picking up heavy weights as if they were cream tarts. "That a strong man?" he shouted. "I'll show you what a strong man is," and he grabbed the pale, thin young man, tossed him into the air, caught him, and tossed him up again, before setting him, very much relieved, on his feet.

THEN he tried to repeat this with heavier neighbours, but they objected, and a squad of *agents* dashed up. The amateur caught the first two *agents* and juggled with them. It took eight of them to master him and handcuff him, but once the handcuffs were on, he became as gentle as a lamb. On the way to the station he commented jovially, "You saw what a real, strong man is, eh?"

TWO new authors, MM. Marcel Pagnol and Paul Nivoix, had a great first-night success with *Les Marchands de Gloire* at the Theatre de la Madeleine, but while with one section of the first-nighters it was a success of admiration, with another section it was a success of scandal. It is not easy to conceive how the general public will be affected by it. The divergency of opinion arises over the question whether a Frenchman would behave as the central figure of the piece is made to behave. Obviously it is a point on which the opinion of a foreigner is neither sought nor desired.

"Juggled with two *agents*"

THE father of a war-hero openly utilises the valiant reputation of his son in order to secure election to Parliament and advancement to Ministerial office. When the son unexpectedly arrives home, having been under treatment at a prisoners' hospital in Germany, he is induced to conceal his identity and pass as another person in order not to harm the political prospects.

THE play is one more of the series written by authors who participated in the War as a kind of revenge on those who profited from it. Each of them has provoked bitterness. *Les Marchands de Gloire* is an excellent piece of workmanship, well mounted, and very finely acted. Even if the authors meet with much antagonism on account of the subject, they have proved that they are able playwrights.

RENÉ

THE FLOOR IN THE PROCEEDINGS

Miss Colette Brettel, who is appearing in "The Passionate Lover," a new film which will be seen in town shortly. The floor obviously plays an important part in the proceedings, supporting, as it does, so valuable a property as THE BYSTANDER!

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

DI-VANITY

THE LURE

BY BLAM

OF SPRING

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

"THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD"

CLUB MEMBERS

By DELL LEIGH

No. III.—"THE ORACLE"

Illustrated by H. M. BATEMAN

THE Oracle is a useful man to have in a club because there are always members who want to know things.

That is to say there is always a man in any concourse of men anywhere who states his considered opinions in the form of a question: "What I want to know is why the deuce. . . ."

He does not want to know anything at all really. This is his method of stating something as an irrefutable fact.

But if you possess an Oracle among your list of members (and who does not?) you need only an interrogatory timbre of voice to have the unspoken question answered, your doubts dispersed, your fears allayed, and everything put quite definitely right for you and everybody within hearing.

The Oracle never wants any information upon any subject imparted to him. This amounts almost to an offence. If you are fairly loud-voiced and aggressive yourself he has got to keep silent during your discourse because there is an etiquette in clubs against shouting in the public rooms. But he is not really listening. He is certainly not agreeing with you. He is merely waiting, mouth shaped for speech, until you are out of breath, or have got yourself tied up in a tangle of words. And then calmly, judicially, with the appearance of profound, unquestionable authenticity of exclusive information, he interposes with:

"No, my dear fellow, I assure you the facts are these. . . ."

This calm assumption of superior knowledge has an infuriating effect upon some people, me for one. A man, senior wrangler, newspaper sub-editor or substantive Colonel on retiring notwithstanding, has only to commence laying down doctrines to produce in me a state of mind wavering between strong epithets and summary assault upon his person.

The Oracle, however, is full of guile. He is not caught napping often. If he finds two medical men discussing heatedly the merits and fallacies of Abram's Magic Box, he will draw up a chair and assimilate medical jargon for twenty minutes, to emit portions of it subsequently to several laymen, who are frightened to death of doctors, in such a manner that they are left with the feeling that he is a qualified medical man himself who prefers the printing trade in Holborn to a practice in Harley Street. And they depart marvelling greatly.

More deadly than this, however, and more far-reaching in its effect upon the victims, is the practice of the Oracle to hear a little and impart a lot. He has a telescopic lens of mind. Someone gives him five grains of gossip and he lifts up his voice and spreads fifty.

There is, we will suppose, a famous and fruity case in progress at the Law Courts. The Oracle at about 4.50 p.m. gets into the Underground at the Temple with Michael Sherlock, K.C., not briefed in this case, but having, by dint of much nerve-shattering examinations of witnesses from time to time, some knowledge of the psychology of these *causes célèbres*. The K.C. drops a few crumbs of the bread of Inner Temple gossip and gets out at St. James's Park.

Our hero, alighting at Victoria, speeds in a taxi to Piccadilly, deposits himself upon the fringe of a group of men who are reading avidly verbatim reports in the evening papers and fills a pipe with grave deliberation. His hour is at hand. It is moments such as these which fill him with a mysterious joy. Opportunity soon offers itself. Somebody says from behind his paper: "I see Lady Kissmequick is *not* to be called after all. Both Counsel agree, apparently, that her evidence would be irrelevant; so she won't have to come out of the nursing home; what a pity."

"Ah!" says the portentous voice of the Oracle, "but there's much more in it than that."

"No, is there?—What?"

Down come five newspapers. Hands wander absently to cigarette cases. Ten eyes stare eagerly in his direction.

"Oh, yes, there's a lot behind this case. I've heard some amazing facts this afternoon. No wonder Sweet cleared the Court yesterday. I've been with a very well-known K.C. this afternoon, I won't tell you his name, it's not fair (observe the track-covering guile here), but he tells me. . . ." He lowers his voice. Five bodies shuffle forward in the leather chairs simultaneously.

Away goes the last shred of good character of the hotel chambermaid. The thin veil of alleged innocence is torn ruthlessly from the face of the defendant's daughter. The secret life of the plaintiff is laid bare upon the hearthrug for ten eyes to gloat over and five voices to say things like:

"Well, you know, I always suspected her of something of that sort. . . ."

"I'm not a bit surprised; they say he was always a dirty dog at school. . . ."

"But how do you explain the. . . ?"

The Oracle explains all right. He could explain anything at that moment to that receptive and gullible audience. He is having a great time.

In justice to the cloud of witnesses who encompass the Oracle about at this moment it should be said, I suppose, that club members as a whole are not scandal-mongers and gossips—good heavens, no! "The average clubman, of course, doesn't read these Arabian Nights Entertainments in the Late Extras of his evening paper. Certainly not!"

And so the Oracles continue to drop pearls of wisdom and of great price. Why?

Well, you see, they must collect information of some sort during the day. Because when they get home the first thing "the wife" says, is: "Any news, darling?"

And a fellow can't keep on saying: "No-o-o, don't think so, old lady." It sounds so damn dull, don't you know, what?

NEXT WEEK!

No. IV.—THE EGOIST

A PANORAMIC VIEW OF LOCARNO

Blossom-Time in Switzerland

By H. CHALLINOR JAMES

"Oh that Estates, Degrees and Offices were not derived corruptly."

No, of course, this has got nothing to do with spring in the Alps. That is, not directly. But somehow the old tag always seems to crop up whenever I take to thinking about lamb and mint sauce, poets, and other delights of spring.

Now I ask you, why is it that tin-tack manufacturers, pork kings, and other soulless people have honours showered upon them while the only title a poet ever gets is "Hic jacet" on his tombstone?

Yet if any mortal deserves well of his fellows it is the bard who opens our eyes to that greatest of all of Nature's miracles: Spring, when the Universe begins to throb again with the irresistible urge of life. Too long has that race of men who "sing to one clear harp in divers tones" been the butt of office-boy jokes and editorial contumely, and if, like the French, we had a chamber of "immortals," my vote would go to a spring poet every time.

THIS vindication of the world's worst paid workers naturally leads us to Switzerland, a country where a poet on the dole is unknown. The reason being, of course, that here it is spring for about seven months of the year, because on the mountain tops summer has scarcely time to put in an appearance before everything is covered again by the autumn snows. Only in a country of ups and downs like Switzerland can spring in half a dozen phases be seen simultaneously.

Blossom-time at lake level finds the crocuses at 5,000 feet just being released from their snowy prison. But the crocus is nothing if not a hustler, and in a single day it will carpet a patch where overnight lay snow.

About the only things not flowering at this time at lake level are the vineyards. Instead they are busy "weeping," to the intense joy of be-freckled ladies, who will tell you that the sparkling dew which exudes from the vine after pruning, is a sovereign remedy against freckles.

SPRING, of course, is delightful in any country, but even the poets are "up against it" when

NARCISSUS FIELDS ABOVE MONTREUX

THE CHATEAU DE CHILLON IN SPRING-TIME

THE CASTLE OF SPIEZ ON LAKE THUN

they try to do justice to the gorgeous spectacle of narcissus time in the Alps above Lake Geneva. For miles around the country is covered with the fragrant bloom, countless millions of them, until the fields look like great patches of snow. In fact, one can wander for days in their intoxicating perfume, and people gather them not in bunches but in arms-full.

If you wish to get quite another aspect of spring in the Alps you can find it at the summit of Pilatus on Lake Lucerne, or the little mountain railway which starts from Lauterbrunnen will whisk you up into the glories of the Jungfrau in something under two hours. On the way up from the valley spring can be seen gradually receding, until at the Joch one plunges into mid-winter again.

Some people go to the Joch to admire the grandiose scenery, while others, chiefly Americans, find satisfaction in being able to boast that they have drunk champagne and tasted caviare in the highest hotel in "Yurrup." It is a marvellous building this, built into the live rock. The Arctic surroundings are still further accentuated by a pack of Eskimo dogs, which have been trained for transport purposes. Efforts to domesticate them, however, have so far not been very successful, because they cherish a strong aversion to cattle, and when taken down to the villages in winter, occasionally indulge in the playful pastime of chasing cows over precipices.

Of the multiplicity of sporting events which all the chief resorts have organised for the coming season space forbids mention in this article. Golf promises to be more popular than ever this year, while the heavy entries for the opening lawn tennis tournament at Territet foreshadow an unusually brilliant tennis season.

For the convenience of visitors an International Sports Club has been founded at Territet, in the Villa Beauregard, a handsome building on the shores of Lake Geneva. Already it has attained great popularity as a rendezvous for Britishers.

Interlaken and the numerous little towns along the shores of Lake Thun are yearly becoming more popular with English visitors in spring and early summer. Discerning folk who wish to combine comfort with economy no longer wait until Switzerland is invaded by battalions of hectic sightseers before taking their holiday. Everybody who "counts," *and can do so,* now goes in spring, when the country is at its best, *and hotel prices are at their lowest.*

A GLIMPSE OF WEGGIS ON LAKE LUCERNE

YOGO HAMA AND A BRIGHTER R.A.

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

NOT so many days hencely the Hon. R.A. pictorial academy will open for exhibitions of sea, land and suchly delicious scapes, also face portraitures and other works of *vertu*, which all must have been executed by hand with not any machinery or other modern inventions to help. Everybody who does not wish to be not anybody must achieve to visit this so great social festive which ranks itself with Ascot, Henley and suchly upper 10 sportings. Non-sophisticates and other bucolics must not run away to suppose, howeverly, that really good breeding persons come to only studiously inspect the pictorials, because this would be consider very bad forms, but to bandy politeish conversations and make to feel happy by their presence the impoverish artistics who have succeeded to deposit their samples in these so sacred archives. Are it not a very exquisite thought to think, I bemuse fragrantly, that these so busy fashionables should seek with kind words to strenuously encourage those non-luck persons who must paint for a living, else suffer to die of non-sufficient nourishments? O yes, and it proves to show us that these ancient nobilities have their hearts screwed in the right places and dote to help with good encouragements their more humble bretherens.

"Sustain themselves on only hope and a herring"

But alasly, I bemoan, there are a reversely side to this sweetish picture. Does it not make to bleed 1's heart to think of the so numerous 1,000's of executors who have not succeeded to be hanged on the line, but only to receive an ignoble chuck? For years they have sustain themselves on only hope and a herring in order to make purchase pigments and other condiments for executing old masters to sell for 1,000's of £'s, yet eachly year to only achieve an aforesaidly chuck. This causes them to grow very embitterish and acidulate and to speak respectfulless words re concerning the Hon. R.A. academy which they declam are as defunct as Hon. Queen Ann or other extinct bird. A *real* artistic disdains to enter the R.A. with a pair of tongs or even a barge-pole, 1 of these non-success persons has inform me, because he would then be making purchase with his birthright only a mess of pottage which, when he had swallowed same, would produce him only a dyspepsia. This may be very perhapsly so, I bemuse, but I cannot help to think it smells like the fox who ate non-ripe grapes, and then suffered to endure very frightful stomach agonies.

Art, I meditate, are a very noble pursuing which, while a very minute few achieve good cashes, causes the more numerous to renounce good eatings and suchly carnal pomps in hopes to become masterpieces when they are dead. 100's of youthish femns have refused good nuptiallings because they have sworn to only spouse their Art which they prefer to live for alone. But, alasly, they do not always succeed to grow masterpieces, but only virtuously old, when not anybody will seek to nuptial them because they have not any more allure or blandish for the masc eye. Thusly they die in a lonely grave with not anybody to issue weeps or other suitable honours for them.

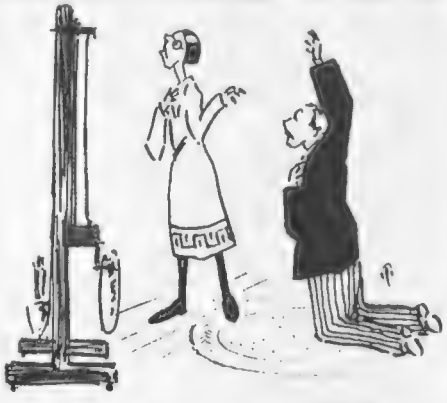
"A very minute few achieve good cashes"

"Excuse me to say, Mr. Y. Hama, you are writing for Hon. BYSTANDER, not the Undertakers' Express. Kindly to imbottle your weeps and produce us some authentic commentings and goodish criticisms," you deplore, Hon. Sir?

"A *real* artistic disdains to enter the R.A."

All so well then, I shall now become very literary and severe like as leader-writing persons who live to only illuminate our darkness with their so brilliant words. As vizly: It are a very strange state of conditions that the R.A. academy does not induce to itself the proletarian and other lower 10 persons who would acquire artistic benefits by witnessing to see its so non-rivalled stock of attractions. We do not hesitate to doubt that if saidly *canaille* would flock themselves to the R.A., they would live to lead more happy and pure lives like as in Chelsea and other non-mundane spots where persons do not labour for wages, but to only make the world a more brighter

(*Continued on page 310*)



"100's of youthish femns have refused good nuptiallings"

A Parisian Pierrot Pair

Mabel Robey

Miss Elvira Henderson (left) and Miss Theo Verdier as they appear in the "Parisian Pierrot' number in the new version of "Charlot's Revue" at the Prince of Wales Theatre. With the return of Miss Gertrude Lawrence and Miss Beatrice Lillie, the show has taken on new life—and numbers

globe to inhabit. To successfully achieve this so delicious end, we advise Hon. R.A. committee to wake up and get itself in line with the cinemas and other popular entertainings.

"To make the R.A. popular at almost 1 blow"

For instants, should it not be a goodish idea to have every afternoon a musical dance for 6*d*. per head? This should cause to make the R.A. popular at almost 1 blow. When fatigue with the dancings, persons could seek improvements to their minds by assiduously studying the works of art so that, before not so very long, the lowest of lower 10 persons could distinguish to tell a Turner from a Wagner at the 1-st observation. Also it should be a delicious attraction to exhibit an artist painting from the life by immuring him in a cage with a lion at a 1*s*. per entrance fee. This would nondoubtedly attract 1,000's of persons who had not ever before heard of the R.A. academy and make to gnash their molars with anguish the cinema managerials and other non-refined persons. Think how beautiful spectacular it should be to witness agriculturals flocking to observe the R.A. attractions, which would then cause them to return full of artistic atmosphere instead of cinema excitements and suchly non-theological thrillings.

"An artist painting from the life"

But between ourselves and a bedpost, Hon. Sir, the most delicious pictures I have ever witnessed to observe are to be found in suspensions above an ancient inn or other medieval refreshments departments. What, I demand to inquire, are a more luscious spectacular to a thirst parched person than a talented importraiture or ensign of a Green Dragon, a Purple Cow or other malt animal, with underneath him "Bertie's Entire" or "Dublin XX"? Indeedly and forsoothly, yes, the person who so brilliantly depicts these ancient and friendly quadrapetals should be dubbed an R.A. on the spot because of his so brilliant genius which knocks into complete fits pictures like as "Persons with a Pug" or "Moonshines on the Sahara," which do not ensignify to us that underneath them we may make purchase a gallon of beer, stout, or other genial fluids of Old Great Britain.

"Agriculturals flocking to observe the R.A. attractions"

A "Purple Cow" or "Spotted Deer,"
With words depicting honest beer,
How far better these, I say,
Than all the works of Hon. R.A.

"Should be dubbed an R.A. on the spot"

Hoping, Hon. Sir, you continue to non-suffer any agonies or other symptoms, I remain

Yogo Hama

Summer's Promise is Sometimes Unfulfilled——
But We Keep Ours! We Promise you lots of Sunshine in
THE BYSTANDER SUMMER SPORTS NUMBER

In addition to all usual features, there will be a special Polo Section illustrated in colour and black-and-white by well-known Bystander artists. An article written by Mr. A. W. Coaten, the well-known Polo expert, will deal with prospects for the coming season, and our Indian and American visitors.

An illustrated article on Lawn Tennis will be contributed by Mr. H. S. Scrivener.

A Bystander pitch has also been carefully prepared and rolled for Cricket articles by "Pendarves" and A. A. Thomson.

In our own fair way, we shall have something to say on Golf. A new and amusing series, "Golfing Glooms," starts in this issue, and as our £500 Golf Challenge Trophy is to be contested at the London Country Club on the day of publication, its prospects will be reviewed in this issue.

Those two sporting fixtures, the opening of the Royal Academy and Paris Salon, are timed for the week of publication. Selections of pictures will be presented from both.

Yogo Hama has threatened to run amok among "Anglo-British Sportings" generally, and Mr. W. Heath Robinson and other well-known contributors will give their attention to the all-absorbing topic of Play.

Beautiful colour pages by Howard K. Elcock, Lionel Edwards, etc., will form the centre of a bumper issue.

ON SALE MAY 6th. USUAL PRICE - ONE SHILLING.

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The difference between the natural iridescence of the true Tècla Pearl and the artificial glitter of the imitation is precisely the same as the difference between a fresh and beautiful complexion and "Make-up" Only Tèclas possess the genuine deep-sea iridescence of the oriental gem.

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THE STORY
BY S.E.P. ATHERLEY

WE were a very merry party that gathered in the great hall after dinner, each one eager to recount some incident in the happenings of the day, and then the conversation turned on mutual friends and old acquaintances.

I had but just returned from travelling in the East, and had only kept up a scanty correspondence with the old country, so that I had got quite out of touch with my old friends, and had been very gratified to receive an invitation from the father of my bosom friend, John, to spend a few days at his house. This gave me the opportunity of hearing of the doings and whereabouts of our old circle without asking pertinent questions.

John and I were recalling some of our doings during our Army career, when my host turned to me suddenly and said :

" By the way, Tom. You knew Major Hill, didn't you ? He is living near here. We don't see much of him unless we call—you should see him whilst you are here. He is looked after and positively worshipped by an old servant—a corporal."

I had not met him since leaving the Army some four years back. He had been one of the leading spirits of our jolly little coterie ; a confirmed misogynist and a great traveller. He would entertain us for hours with tales of his adventures. He must be getting an old man now. I decided to go at once and renew my acquaintance with him.

I had heard of him occasionally as a patron of art and still proud of his fine taste in port. He seldom moved far from his own domain and his own table—why should he, since he deemed it the main luxury of life ? A man is none the worse for loving a good dinner : it is a depraved taste that despises good cooking.

The Major expressed great pleasure on seeing me and recalled many of the antics and pranks in which we had indulged. I was inclined at first to treat him with the respect due to his age and his majority, but he soon showed me he had no taste for that, and so we sat and talked pleasantly together.

" So John was entranced by a pair of ruby lips, was he ? " John had not accompanied me. " Ah ! I remember he was always attracted to the ladies. Bah ! I've been through it all."

" You ? " I said, in surprise.

" Yes. I. What do you boys of these days think you can teach me ? I had drunk the wine of life whilst you were in your cradle."

The Major was excited, and I urged him on. He told stories of old sporting days, which proved that he was no idle boaster when he said he had gone through all that. He grew brilliant as he talked. " Help yourself to the port, Tom, my boy, and draw closer to the fire ; the night is cold. Yes, I tell you I have tasted the wine of red lips whose utterances——"

The Major sat looking into the fire, for though it was only August we had bright wood fires in the evenings. He looked very steadily at the embers in the grate and shivered once as if he were cold ; he bolted two glasses of port in quick succession, and I waited, confident that I should hear his story at last. Presently he began to talk.

" Draw your chair up closer, light another pipe and fill your glass. It's a cold night. My bones shiver when I hear the wind moan through the trees.

" Pete," he called, " bring another bottle of port. What ! Not another ? Certainly, man, I must have it. Mr. Arthur has drunk half this. Not drank any ! You don't mean to say he has been drinking nothing all the blessed evening. Tom, I thought you knew my rules better than that. One more bottle, Pete, and just do your best to make us comfortable. How the wind howls. My boy, I shall be seventy years of age next week. An old bachelor. Yes, truly old. But what is age ? Do you think I am older in my soul than I was fifty years ago ? I know my cheeks are wrinkled and my lips are thin, and my head grey, but in my soul I feel that I am young. I have not grown one day older than I was at thirty. All my life since has been one day—or—

" I have been living forty years by the light of one memory—by the side of one grave—

" Pete. You may go. You need not sit up for me. Go, old fellow, and sleep well.

" She was the most beautiful girl ; I can see her now. As graceful a form as seen in dreams ; her eyes showing the light of heaven, her white brow, and her lips wreathed in smiles. She was fitted to adorn the splendid house in which she was born and grew to womanhood.

" Her father was one of the pleasant old-fashioned men. He loved his horses, he loved his dogs, his house, his wine. He loved his nephew Dick, uncouth lad that he was ; but above all these he loved his daughter Stella, and I loved her too.

" Yes. I loved Stella, and by all the gods, I love her now as I loved her then. Call it an old man's whim, an old man's second childhood ; I care not. It is enough that to-night the image of that beautiful girl stands before me, and I could bow down on my knees and worship her again.

" Again ? For forty years I have not ceased to worship her. If I kneel to pray, her image passes before me, and I pray to her as if she were my hope, my heaven.

" Sometimes in the dark night I feel icy fingers gripping about my heart as if to grasp it. I lie still and think my hour is at hand, and through the gloom I see her afar off, and I reach out my arms to her and cry aloud to her to come to me, and then darkness settles on me.

" I have mentioned Dick, her cousin. Rumour said he was the old man's heir, for he had been brought up in the family and had always been treated as a son. He was a good fellow, although he was rough.

" I was a cousin also on her mother's side ; we lived not far off, and I spent much of my time at the General's house. Dick and I did not conceal our rivalry from each other.

" ' Dick,' I said one morning, ' why can't you be content with half the General's fortune and let me have the other half.'

" ' Bah ! ' said he, ' as if that would be fair when you want Stella with it.'

" ' Can't we make an even division, Dick,' said I. ' Take all the fortune and let me have her, and I'll call it square.'

" ' Just what I was going to suggest. Be sensible and clear out. You must see she doesn't care a pin for you.'

" I was holding a flower she had just given me, and replied :

" ' Poor fool. I didn't think you could be so dense. Why, Dick, there is not a ghost of a chance for you. But go ahead. Find it out for yourself. I am sorry for you.'

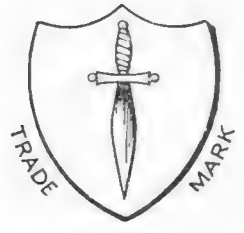
" Many such talks we had, and she

(All rights strictly reserved)

(Continued on page 314)

Worthington

—a beer brewed at
Burton-on-Trent
Which fills every soul
with content;
The reason's as clear
As the look of the beer,
It's just quality — 100%



No. 1 of a series of Worthington Limericks
The outcome of a suggestion by our poet
that the praises of this most popular
beverage should be sung in the
most popular form of jingle.

never gave one more encouragement than the other. She was like a sister to us both, and neither dared to break the spell of our perfect happiness.

"One summer afternoon we were off together on horseback; all three of us; over the hill and down into the valley, returning along the road at the side of the hill.

"Tom, stir the fire, that bottle of port is rather cold, it seems to me, or I am chilly myself. Perhaps it is the recollection of that day that chills me.

"I had made up my mind to speak to her that day. I had determined to know if she loved me. If not, I would go. I cared not where, anywhere to fight. My idea was, I remember, of war and death on the field.

"I rode by her side; Dick also kept close to her. One would have thought he was watching the opportunity I was after myself. Now he rode a few paces forward, and I was just catching my breath to say 'Stella' when he would rein up and fall back to his place, and I would make some idiotic remark.

"'What's the matter with you, Sep,' she said at last.

"'Sep's in love,' said Dick.

"I could have thrashed him on the spot.

"'In love! Sep in love,' and she turned her beautiful eyes to me, till I blurted out 'Dick judges others by himself.'

"Then her eyes turned to Dick, and he pleaded guilty by his awkward looks and forced laugh.

"'Sep. Is Dick in love?' The *naïvété* of the question was so irresistible that I could not repress a smile that grew into a laugh in which Dick joined.

"'I say, Dick. Isn't that your whip lying back there in the road?'

"'Confound it, yes; the cord has broken.' And he rode back for it.

"'Sep, whom does Dick love?' said she, quickly.

"'You,' said I, bluntly.

"'Why, of course, but who is he in love with, I mean?'

"I was not asking what I intended, but it was getting at it in another way, and just as well, perhaps.

"'Stella, could you love Dick well enough to marry him?'

"'I! Sep, what do you mean?'

"'Suppose Dick wants you to be his wife, will you marry him?'

"'I don't know—I never thought of such a thing. You don't think he has such a idea, do you?'

"That was my answer. I was no better off than before. She did not love Dick, but did she love me?

"I looked back. Dick was on the ground, had picked up his whip, and had one foot in the stirrup ready to mount again.

"I swallowed a lump in my throat, and spoke out quickly.

"'Stella. Will you marry me?' And, Tom, she turned her eyes again towards me—those beautiful eyes.

"To my dying hour I shall not forget that gaze, and whether it was pity, sorrow, surprise, or love that filled them I cannot tell you; but, Tom, it was the last light of those eyes I ever saw—the last—the last . . . .

"Is there anything left in that bottle? Thank you, just a glass-full. Won't you take any? Then, by your leave, I will finish it. My story is nearly ended, and I will not keep you much longer.

"We had been so absorbed in our talk that we had not noticed a black cloud that had risen and now almost obscured the sun, and even the sultry air had not called our attention to the coming thunderstorm.

"As Stella looked at me, a flash of lightning, blinding and fierce, struck a tree near by, followed by a crash of thunder which seemed to shake the hills. The horses crouched to the ground in terror. The next instant Dick's horse galloped madly by, dragging him by the stirrup. He had been in the act of mounting when the flash came, and his horse swerved so that his foot caught, and he was dragged along with his head on the ground. About fifty yards further on the road divided into two, one part being the carriage road which wound round by easy descents, the other a footpath which made a short precipitous cut to the carriage road about a quarter of a mile below.

"Calling to Stella to keep back and wait, I drove the spurs into my horse and went down the steep path. Looking back, I saw her following after Dick at a tremendous speed. I pressed on, hoping to intercept his horse below. I could hear them thundering down the road. The pace was terrific. My horse took the obstacles before him at a flying leap, and a minute later we were at the point where the roads met just in time to see the other two horses go by abreast at a furious pace, Stella reaching out her hand to catch the flying rein.

"To ride close behind them was more than useless (it would only serve to increase the speed) so I fell back a pace or two and watched the end.

"On turning to the left at the foot of the hill there was a narrow bridge crossing the river, which at that part was very deep.

"On went the horses side by side down the hill—and then came the turn. She was on the off-side, and as they neared the turn she pressed forward half a length and reined her horse across the grey's shoulder to turn him up to the bridge. It was all over in an instant. The grey was the heavier horse; the black one gave way towards the fence, which was only a light rail. It snapped like matchwood, and they went over all together into the deep rushing water.

"That crashing sound still rings in my ears, the sight of the struggling horses is still before my eyes.

"I never knew what I did exactly, but was presently conscious of swimming round and round, diving occasionally to search for them. The grey swam ashore. The other horse—her horse—was floating down the stream drowned. Neither his mistress nor Dick were anywhere to be seen . . . . .

"At last I found her. Yes, she was dead. A look at her face showed that. I have never ceased to think of her as she was on that day. I have never forgotten the look of those eyes when they gazed on me on the mountain-road.

"I have said I have not grown older since that day, now you know why.

"She was buried in the churchyard close by the house where she had lived.

'Beautiful to the last,
Extinguished, not decayed.'

"I cannot talk any more. You have my story. That is the whole of it. You have listened—patiently—to an old man's reminiscences. Good-night. I'll stay here in this chair a little while longer. I don't feel like—sleeping—just—yet."

. . . . .

I left him sitting there, his head bowed; his eyes closed. My own eyes were misty. In the hall I found Pete.

"Why, Pete, I thought the Major sent you to bed a long time ago."

"Yes, sir. The Major's always does send me to bed at the third bottle, but I never go. Has he been telling you the old story, sir?"

"What old story, Pete?"

"Why, about Miss Stella, Mr. Dick."

"Yes."

Pete placed his fingers by the side of his nose and winked at me.

"Why, Pete—you don't mean to say——"

"All the port, sir."

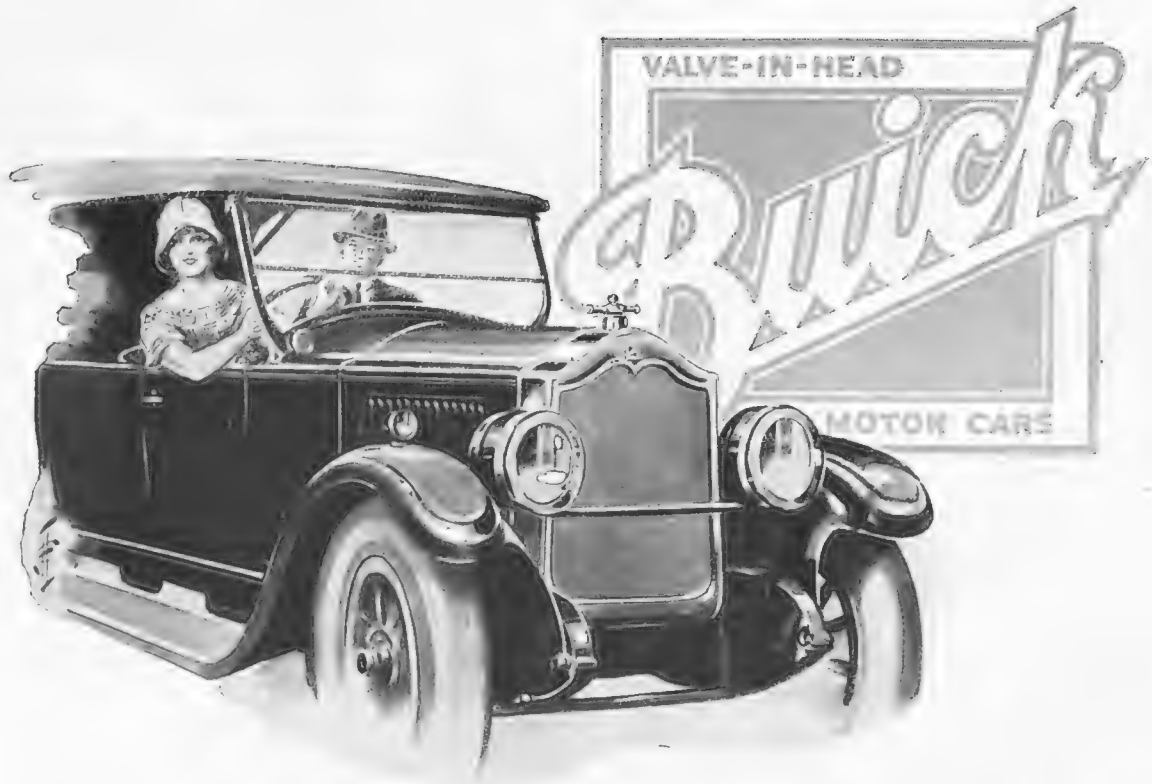
"What! Stella and the—the——"

"All the port, sir."

"Pete, go in and take care of him. He is either drunk or asleep."

Strange, that. Why didn't I remember that a man is hardly to be believed after the second bottle, and certainly not after the third.

But the Major was an expert at telling a story. S. E. P. A.



Sixes and £ s. d.–

EVERY motorist who has driven in city traffic knows how quickly a six-cylinder car pulls away from others when the policeman gives the "go" signal.

And every motorist knows that a "Six" will idle down to two mile an hour on high gear—or jump to sixty.

Not everyone knows that Buick six-cylinder performing ability can be bought at the price of most "Fours." Your local Buick Dealer will prove this to you; and he will also tell you about Buick four-wheel brakes, Du Pont Viscolac unscratchable finish, renowned Fisher bodywork, and low pressure tyres—an unequalled Specification. General Motors deferred payment system suits every convenience.

THE Buick '20' six-cylinder Tourer costs £355, the Saloon £498. The Buick 27 h.p. 7-seater Saloon costs £675. Ask your local Dealer for prices of other models and a demonstration run.

Buick

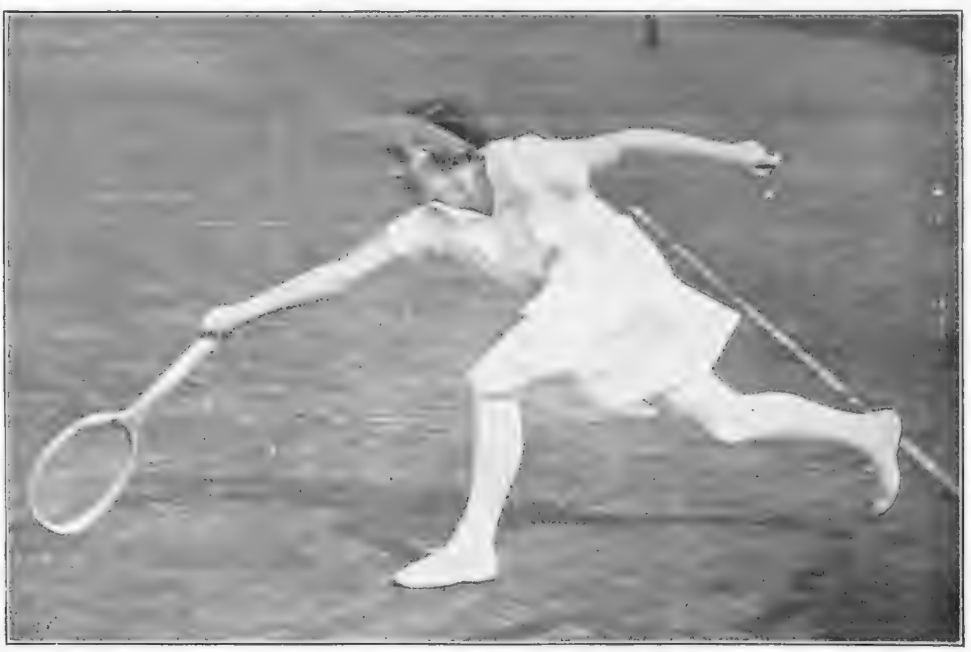
GENERAL MOTORS LIMITED, Edgware Road, The Hyde, London, N.W.9.

Round the Roehampton Club: Players in

MISS BETTY NUTHALL *L. N. A.*
Beaten by Miss J. C. Ridley in the second round of the Singles

MISS J. C. RIDLEY *Aitken*
Who beat Miss J. Reid Thomas in the fourth round of the Singles

MR. A. A. FYZEE *Bassano*
Who lost to his compatriot, Jagat Mohau Lal, in the Singles



MISS S. C. LUMLEY ELLIS *Sport and General*
Beaten in the second round of the Singles by Miss F. Rose

The hard court championships at Roehampton drew what must have been a record entry this year. Many

the Surrey Hard Court Championships

Alfieri

MISS E. MORLE

Playing in the Singles (Class B). She reached the fifth round without difficulty

Alfieri

MISS EILEEN BENNETT

Who partnered Miss Betty Nuthall in the Doubles. They were beaten in the second round by Mrs. Stocks and Miss McKane

Central News

MRS. D. CONNELLY

(Above) in action in the Class B Singles

Sport and General

MISS J. REID THOMAS

Who went under to Miss J. C. Ridley in Round 4

Bassano

MR. P. D. B. SPENCE

Who beat N. Mishu in the fourth round of the Singles

well-known "stars" competed, but judging by the results, they did not all scintillate according to form

The Riviera Week by Week

By J. GALBRAITH HORN

MONTE CARLO

THE Casino has been forced by the logic of facts to restore the 10 francs table in the "Cercle Privé" and the 5 francs table in the Kitchen.

The opera season ended with some fine renderings of *La Tosca*, *Mme. Butterfly* and *La Fille du Far West*, in which Mme. Della Rizza, Mlle. Totti dal Monte (who is twenty-nine, and, her admirers say, greater than Patti), M. Vanni Marcoux, etc., sang splendidly. The Russian Ballets now hold the fort for some weeks.

THE Imperial Hotel at Menton is remaining open longer than usual this year for a number of distinguished arrivals. Many of them move on later to lovely Evian-les-Bains, on the Lake of Geneva in romantic Savoy, where the Royal and Splendide Hotels and the near-by Hotel du Parc at Thonon (with full pension at 45 francs) under the same management, are opening on May 1. The eighteen hole golf-course, the perfect tennis courts, and the motor and steamer excursions are huge attractions, besides the restful climate and the healing waters and unique beauty of Alps, forests and lake. There are through carriages from the Riviera stations to Evian, and also a lovely motor service by the Route des Alpes.

THE amateur and professional foursomes were among the most interesting recent events at Mont Agel. The winners were Mr. Newton (10) and Jolly, the Bordighera pro. Mr. Hewlett Brooke (12) and Norman Grant, from the Cannes Country Club, were second. In the Singles, among the fifteen Riviera pros. who competed, Willie Armour, of Monte Carlo, beat Norman Grant after a tie over the 36 holes at 143. Boyer, of Nice, won the third prize with 144.

AMONG distinguished legal visitors at Easter, besides Sir John Simon at the Metropole, we had Mr. Justice and Lady Greer staying with Mrs. Smitton at her lovely flat in Sir William Yarworth-Jones' block, high above the harbour in the new Boulevard de Belgique, where the views of the coast line both ways and of Corsica are superb, as is also the air.

I also saw Lord and Lady Dunedin watching Miss Lenglen at the tennis tournament. Lord Dunedin was a Doubles champion of Scotland as long ago as 1878. Miss Lenglen won her matches easily. Lord Cholmondeley played a fine game with her in the final of the Mixed Doubles when they beat Mrs. Satterthwaite and Aeschliman—a strong pair—6—2, 6—2. Another Scottish Judge—Lord Hunter—came to see me the other day with Mr. Monteith Smith, late head of the Egyptian passport department, who had motored over from Cannes. Sir George Colthurst, who has been laid up with double pneumonia at the Grand, is now out of danger. There has recently been a lot of influenza, with dangerous legacies to the careless convalescent who does not understand the climate. The sunsets are exquisite, no doubt, with a gorgeous Alpine glow over the Alps and foothills, but the fall of dew and of temperature is very heavy for an hour or two, as you can judge by the wooden benches round the "Cheese" covered with moisture, and the flower-beds still sometimes covered at night against frost. Miss Mary Garden spent some weeks here recently at her flat in the Park Palace.

MRS. ALASTAIR CAMERON lately entertained at the Hotel de Paris at dinner the Prince of Monaco, the Hereditary Princess Charlotte and the Prince Pierre, the Duke of Connaught, Lady Holford, Major and Mrs. Richard Ward, Colonel and Mrs. Vanderbilt Balsan, Prince Dominique Radziwill, Countess Gastaldi, Countess of Londesborough, Marquis and Marchioness of Blandford, and Major Berkeley Levett.

SIR TREHAWKE and Lady Kekewich recently gave a dinner at the Hotel de Paris to Prince William of Sweden, Lady White, Captain Boddan-Wetham, Colonel Michael Hughes and the Earl of Kintore.

OTHER Easter diners there have been Lord and Lady Islington, Comte de Fels, Lady d'Abernon, Lieut.-General the Hon. Sir William and Lady Lambton, Lord Rothermere, Sir John and Lady Latta, Madame de Bittencourt, Countess of Lisburne, Mr. and Mrs. John Murray, Prince Serge Kondacheff, Comte et Comtesse Hermon Wrangel, Comtesse de Salverte, Comte and Comtesse Joseph Hunyadi, Sir James and Lady Macleay, the Maharajah of Pudukota, Lady Hulton, Dame Clara Butt, the Earl and Countess of Northbrook, Lord Cochrane, Mr. Phillips Oppenheim, Comte Furstenstein, Mr. and Mrs. James Crichton, the Marquis of Huntley, the Crown Prince of Kapurthala, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Wallace, Baron de Pallandt, Baron Economo, the Marquis and Marchioness of Milford Haven, Major and Lady Zia Werner, Lady Nunburnholme, Lord Ferrers, Sir John Norton Griffiths, M. Leon Barthou, Colonel and Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley, Mr. Otto Kahn, Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield, and Lady Ludlow.

"THE BYSTANDER" £500 GOLF TROPHY

TUESDAY, MAY 5th. LONDON COUNTRY CLUB, HENDON

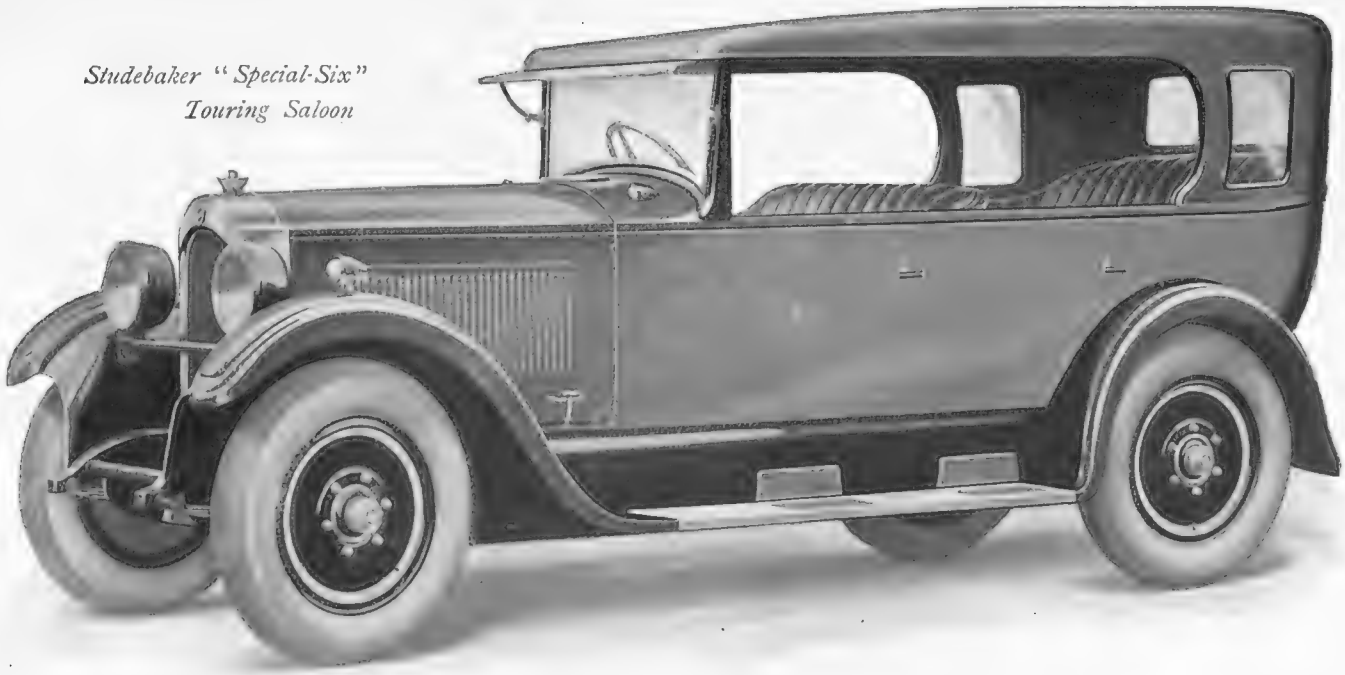
TWO years ago the proprietors of THE BYSTANDER presented a handsome Silver Challenge Trophy, valued at £500, for a golf competition, which, both from the novelty of its conditions and the unusual beauty of the Trophy, attracted widespread interest in golfing circles last year and the year before. The third year's competition for the Trophy is to be fought over the London Country Club's course at Hendon on Tuesday, May 5. It is to be a mixed foursome (professional partnered by a lady), played over thirty-six holes. About seventy couples are being invited from the leading golf clubs. Professionals will be rated at plus 4, and their lady partners limited to 18 handicap L.G.U., each pair receiving three-eighths of the combined handicap.

THE Trophy is a handsome silver centre-piece representing a *combat à l'outrance* between Hotspur and the Earl of Douglas at the battle of Otterburn in 1388. James, the 2nd Earl of Douglas, is mounted on a charger; on his shield are plainly visible the Douglas arms, which the present Marquis of Queensberry now bears. Hotspur—the redoubtable Henry Percy, the 1st Earl of Northumberland's eldest son—is represented by the dismounted figure, bearing on his shield the crest of the Percy family. The centre-piece was made in 1855. It shows extraordinarily fine finish and workmanship, and is valued at £500.

THE BYSTANDER CHALLENGE TROPHY

Which is held by the winners for one year. It is valued at £500.

THE entries are rolling in fast now, and those who have already signified their intention of competing include such well-known players as F. Ball, A. Havers, G. Gadd, J. J. Taylor, Jos. Taylor, J. Ockenden, E. Ray, and Harry Vardon. Up to date, just upon fifty entries have been received, and everything points to the competition this year proving an even greater success than in the two previous years—if, indeed, such a thing be possible.



Studebaker "Special-Six" Touring Saloon

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Nowadays value for money is perhaps the main consideration in car-purchase. Visit our showrooms and see how the Studebaker gives you the last pennyworth.

The models range from the "Standard-Six" Touring-Saloon at £395 to the "Big-Six" Coach-built 7-Seater Saloon at £765. In no other car does £395 or £765 buy you so much—an engine so silky, coachwork so sound, lines so handsome, upholstery so luxurious, equipment so comprehensive.

And the wonderful Studebaker Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes, which make skidding impossible, are fitted as standard.

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Before buying a new car see what Studebaker have to offer—investigation may save you hundreds of pounds.

Let us give you proof of performance on the road. We will gladly arrange a trial run at your convenience.

STUDEBAKER "Standard-Six" Touring Saloon	STUDEBAKER "Special-Six" Touring Saloon	STUDEBAKER "Big-Six" Touring Saloon
£395	**£495**	**£575**
Coach-built Saloon	Coach-built Saloon	Coach-built Saloon
£520	**£640**	**£765**

Illustrated Catalogue on request.

STUDEBAKER LTD., Pound Lane, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

We can arrange for your old car to be taken in part payment for any new Studebaker model.

Managing Director: EUSTACE H. WATSON.

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We have a few brand new and fully guaranteed Studebaker "Light Six" cars with both open and closed bodies for disposal at very attractive prices.

Deferred payments arranged on the basis of 4% on the list price.

"LHUDE SING CUCCU!" By Blanchette

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

"At the Food Exhibition at Olympia"

LONDON, *April* 27

DEAR COUSIN—

"LHUDE sing cuccu," as Chaucer or someone says. Or in other words, does seem to be truly and authentically and joyfully making his customary melodies just now, does not he, that spring cuckoo, and with no uncertain voice either. Heard him to-day myself, unless my ears deceived me, quite busily at it on the Heath, where the gorse is all gloriously blossoming with the most wonderful golden blooms that smell of honey and fresh air, and all the cleanest things that ever were. . . .

卐

A NICE respectable sort of bird, I *must* say, to be our sort of official herald of spring and summer, considering all his past *and* present. Frightful and horrible thief and robber, apparently, and completely conscienceless stealer of other people's nests and things . . . though what with our present housing shortage and all, shouldn't like to blame anyone too fearfully and awfully for *that*, what? And anyway always welcome for the good news he brings, even if it doesn't *toujours* turn out to be altogether true, like last year, for instance.

WHICH reminds me—though no connection, of course, between cuckoos and Winston—there's more news coming for us to-morrow as ever is, isn't there, in the Budget, to wit. And by the time you get this, we'll all know the best or the worst . . . so I shan't bother to tell you about it beforehand, though, of course, having special advance information from the horse's mouth, so to speak. As most people have, apparently . . . only I notice, don't you, somehow the prophets fall strangely silent or fade away altogether once the flag's dropped.

卐

WHAT days, though, that aforesaid cuckoo does seem to be ushering in! He's brought the King and Queen back from their trip, for one thing—H.M. looking wonderfully well and quite recovered from the 'flu that had, if I may loyally say so, its uses, seeing it's shown us how much he's missed when away. And has assembled Parliament again for us, the cuckoo has, thus making Westminster and Whitehall once more a hive of industry (*n'est-ce-pas?*) not to mention unshuttering all M.P.'s houses and bringing them and charming wives (all M.P.'s wives are charming) into line again as hosts and hostesses for the Season that now does really seem to be rather upon us.

YES, it really *must* be the true and authentic threshold of the season, because for one thing Max has already done it. Flitted along to us from Rapallo he has, and deposited his last little lot of sketches in the Leicester Galleries and then floated away again, confident (curse him!) of his *réclame*.

"The Budget"

卐

MAX'S real secret, I think, is that he's never funny. So many so-called caricaturists are so devastatingly so, are not they? And then, too, there are all those paralysingly and awfully amusing revues and things people are always dragging one out to, where the Chief Comedian grins through a horse-collar (or words to that effect) amid thunders of applause. All of which lays the foundation of a great and glorious appetite for subsequent supper

"I ain't gonna reign no more"

at Ciro's or the Embassy or dear Uncle's in Albemarle Street, or the new Sherry's or whatever happens to be the very latest place of the moment.

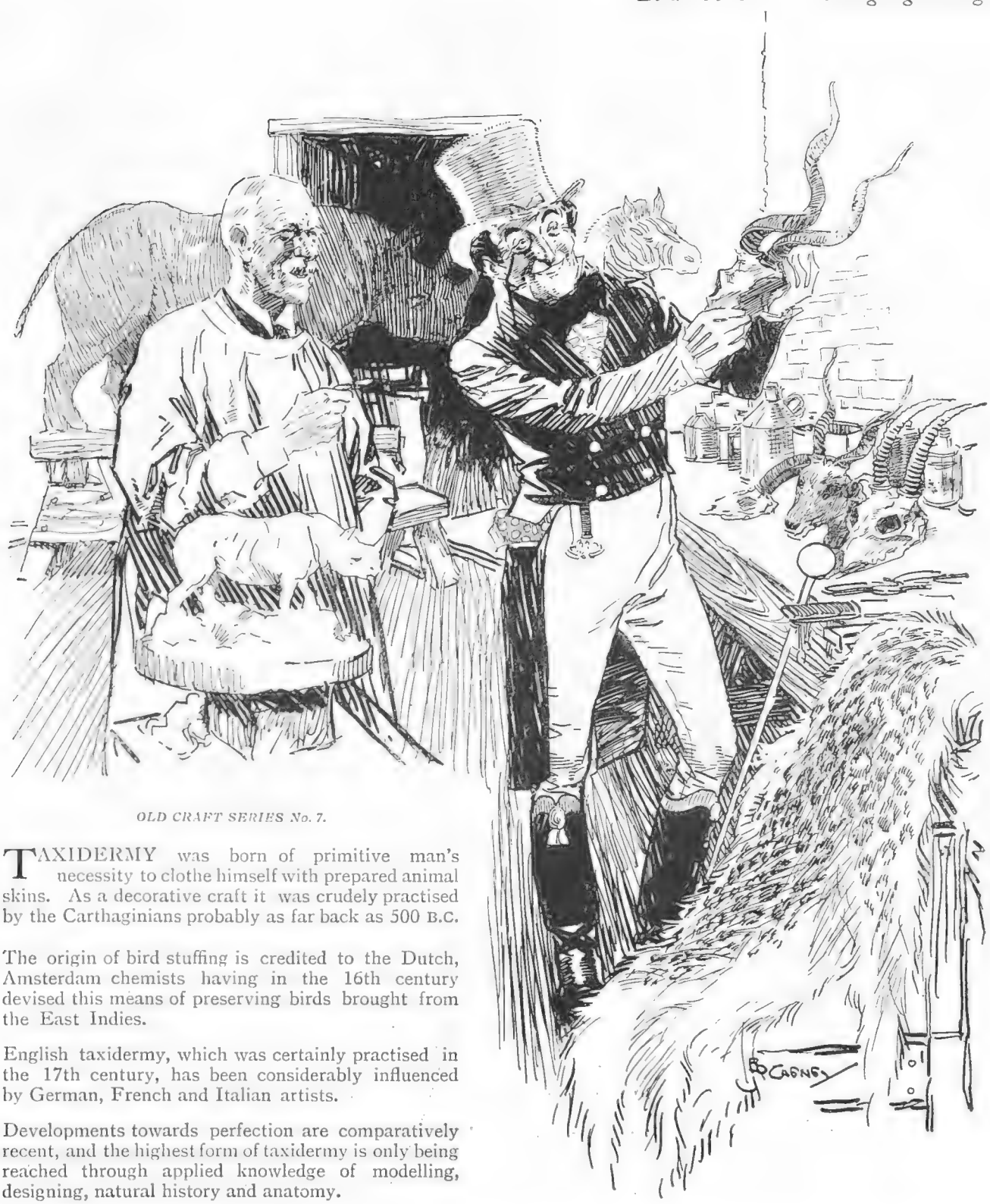
WHEREAS Max—to some he seems I know almost too esoteric, but that's only because (1) they think it's a good word, and (2) they expect a picture to hit them in the eye instead of taking the trouble to go and look at it. And Max wants careful scanning and examining—but the labour thereof is not wasted, not by no means. As, for instance, in his lovely picture of A. J. B. playing bridge and discussing whether he'll lead on "calculable" or "intuitive" probabilities. Or of the picturesque Mr. Cunninghame Graham dashing in through the window as a centaur to his younger self on a rocking horse. . . .

卐

ANOTHER even more certain sign of the season, too, being that it's actually this week, this very Friday as ever is, the P.V. of the R.A.

(*Continued on page 322*)

Born 1820———*Still going Strong!*



OLD CRAFT SERIES No. 7.

TAXIDERMY was born of primitive man's necessity to clothe himself with prepared animal skins. As a decorative craft it was crudely practised by the Carthaginians probably as far back as 500 B.C.

The origin of bird stuffing is credited to the Dutch, Amsterdam chemists having in the 16th century devised this means of preserving birds brought from the East Indies.

English taxidermy, which was certainly practised in the 17th century, has been considerably influenced by German, French and Italian artists.

Developments towards perfection are comparatively recent, and the highest form of taxidermy is only being reached through applied knowledge of modelling, designing, natural history and anatomy.

Pride of Production is the Stimulus of True Craftsmanship —hence the Superiority of "Johnnie Walker."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND

Traditionally always supposed, of course, to set the social ball rolling, this Academy private view (so called because everybody who's anybody is there, and you never get an earthly of viewing the pictures).

As a matter of fact, this being the very threshold of May, so to speak, the whole world's more or less in a turmoil this week, what with Labour Day and cricket and lawn tennis officially starting their new season, and all the agriculturally inclined sportively cereal sampling and whatnot at the Nation's Food Exhibition at Olympia. And there's all the rest of the kaleidoscopic Season's wheel, including more smart cocktail dress shows at François Duret's and Eve Valère's and Maison Poutz. And next week—think of it—the King will be opening Wembley, and once more *that* bright little corner will be available as a last resort for an evening's amusement when all else fails. Not that it isn't quite a pleasant spot either, but just a bit on the distant side, and last year, at any rate, trains none too easily acquired for that weary homeward trip.

By the way, talking of Max, really don't think even he ever did anything more terribly and wickedly delightful than Mr. Bobbie Hale's George Coynesmith in the very latest version of that perfectly sweet show *The Punch Bowl* at the Duke of York's. It's in a little skit called "Yes, Yes, Flannelette" that it all happens, and he's too excruciatingly, if a shade unkindly, killing as G. G.—but as Joe Coyne just a perfect marvel that takes your breath away. He's Joe himself, caricaturing himself! Mustn't forget to mention, by the way, his Queen Elizabeth. Which, after a somewhat wearing welter of first nights (said she, metaphorically), is one of the very few things that stand out—Bobbie in ruff and real Elizabethan get-up, telling us how—

Long years ago I used to reign,
In 1554,
But now the times have changed,
And I ain't gonna reign no more.

"The very threshold of May"

Stirring times we live in, these. Porridge, they say, has quite gone out of fashion in Scotland, and they're going to make a tunnel under Piccadilly from Devonshire House. The birth-rate's gone down with a slump, but slim figures, says Paris, are no longer absolutely essential. Bulgaria's breaking up, and Germany's going Junker—but . . . there goes the cuckoo again, *and* the blackbird and the thrush.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

13/6 *per bottle.*

"There's no use talking—TASTE IT!"

"There's a Highland Flavour about it."

MACKINLAY'S *Liqueur* SCOTCH WHISKY

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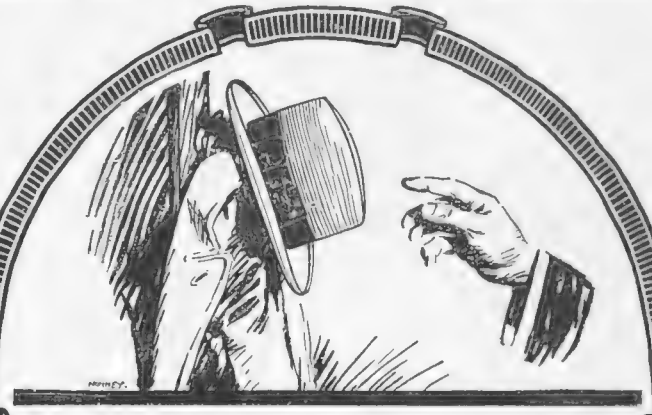


YOU greet the Spring with a sigh of relief. It's good to leave the dark days behind with the old coat and hat. After all, the bright sunshine makes a new hat almost a necessity. First of all comfort, then style and colour. Buy a hat by name, and if you value one that will not belie its first good looks, get a Battersby.

There's a Battersby just right for you.

Battersby HATS

FOR MEN

Sold by the best Hatters

In standard qualities, 20/-, 25/-, 30/-

Actual Makers: BATTERSBY & CO. LTD., STOCKPORT

·OLD·TIME·CUSTOMS·

"Jack in the Green." It was the custom for a man, during the May Day revels, to deck himself with flowers and foliage, symbolising the coming of Summer. He would then parade the streets, accompanied by a fiddler and a saucy wench, who collected money from the onlookers.

It's a wise old custom to

take a peg of

John Begg!

By Appointment since 1848.

The Scotch Whisky that has been supplied to all the Royal Palaces for 75 years.

JOHN BEGG LTD., 106, Fenchurch St., London, E.C.3; 64, Waterloo St., Glasgow.

"Wherefore Art Thou, Radio?"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

It has been suggested that during the Spring, 2 L O should devote one night a week to amatory music for those under the subtle influence of the vernal season

FEMINA

A DINING-ROOM KITCHEN.

By MRS. M. VINCE

I WAS looking the other day at a furnished house in an exhibition. It was so small a house that one room had to be used as both dining-room and kitchen. Attached to it was a scullery in which there was just enough room for the sink, but no room for even a very small cooking-stove.

It was called a dining-room kitchen, and it had been furnished as such by the simple process of giving it an ordinary kitchen coal-range, and then furnishing it as if it were a dining-room. It had a carpet on the floor. It had large lounge chairs. It had a large sofa. It had, in fact, all the furniture for a dining-room in a house four times as large.

IF it can be so easily done, why not carry out this combined room idea with the other rooms? Why not make a drawing-room bathroom by furnishing a room as a drawing-room and putting a bath in it? Such a room would be just as practical as this dining-room kitchen. For any woman who had ever been in a kitchen, even though she had never done the work of a cook, would know at a glance that a room furnished in that way would be impossible.

The idea of a dining-room kitchen can, of course, be carried out. In small houses and even more in very small flats, it may add a great deal to the convenience of a little space to combine these two rooms, and a comfortable room can be made out of it, but it needs to be furnished with care, and one must leave out of it altogether such luxuries as large upholstered sofas.

THE first thing to settle is the floor. Obviously it must not have a carpet as in this house at the exhibition. Two or three small rugs, which can be easily shaken, and as easily rolled up and put out of the way if necessary, are what one wants. The floor itself should be either of wood blocks or of composition in various colours: this will be comfortable to walk on, and is easy to keep clean.

The walls should be painted, and the paint varnished so that it can be washed. Paint, of course, is expensive, but it will outlast several wall-papers. A cheaper way is to paint the lower part of the wall and distemper above, with a narrow wooden moulding between the two.

IN the dining-room kitchen in the exhibition the range was a kitchener. There seemed no reason for this, for the house was not intended for a country place where there was no supply of gas. The advantages of cleanliness and ease of cooking by gas are great in an ordinary kitchen. In a dining-room kitchen they are doubly so, and one can have the gas-cooker entirely encased in wood, with a door in front to give access to the oven, and a lid, lined with zinc, which opens against the wall behind, and protects it from splashes while the stove is in use.

If one has an encased stove, then it is, of course, necessary to have a separate gas-fire for warming the room when the stove is not lighted. If it is not encased, then the most convenient stove for the dining-room kitchen is the kind which combines cooker, hot-water heater, and gas-fire.

IN the house at the exhibition the sink was in a minute scullery. In any flat where the dining-room kitchen is necessary, this room will certainly have to be the scullery as well. In that case the sink also can be enclosed in wood. The lid should have long double-hinges at the sides, so that when it is open it forms the draining board, the hinges supporting it.

The only way in which to furnish such a room so as to be in any way comfortable is to use built-in furniture as much as possible. In that way you do not waste an inch of space. Built-in cupboards, if they are well designed and have good mouldings, do not in any way suggest a kitchen. The cupboard for the china should have glass doors. China is very decorative, and it is a pity for that reason to hide it in a cupboard, just as it is a mistake, on account of the dust, to display it on an open dresser.

IN a small room it may even be necessary to save space by having not only built-in cupboards, but a built-in seat for one side or one end of the table, such as one sees so often in French restaurants. The table itself should be of deal. It can be covered with a cloth when the room ceases to be a kitchen. To have a polished table, such as I saw in the room at the exhibition, and to attempt to cover it for the work of the kitchen is impossible.

THE chairs can be of polished wood with rush seats, or with cane seats, and little cushions covered with cretonne. The best easy chairs for such a room are certainly basket-chairs. They are comfortable and are easily washed. They are light, and so can be easily moved about. These chairs also should have cushions in cretonne covers, and the covers should be fastened with buttons or clips so that they can be taken off for washing.

A ROOM so arranged and furnished will be reasonably comfortable as a dining-room. As a kitchen it will be simple and practical, a room which can be quickly and easily cleaned, and in which it is possible to work without the constant fear of spoiling the furniture.

MISS FLORENCE GLOSSOP HARRIS

The only daughter of the late Sir Augustus Harris of Drury Lane fame, who is playing "leads" in the Henry Baynton Shakespearean Company. She is seen above as Queen Katharine of Aragon in "Henry VIII"

Sport and General

AFTER THE CEREMONY

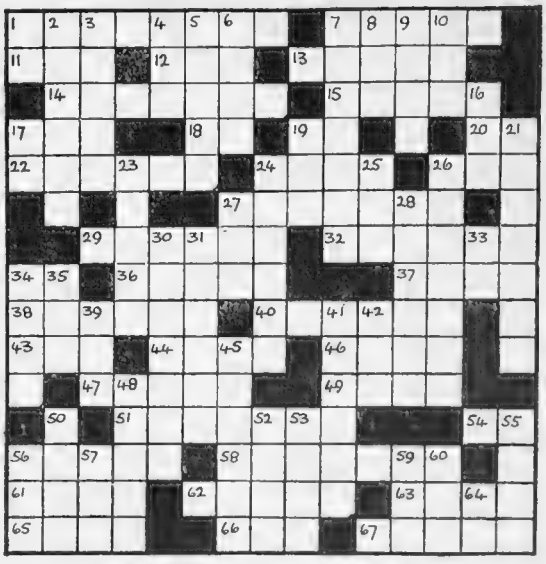
Major P. P. Curtis, M.C., and his bride leaving St. Martin's-in-the-Fields after their wedding. Mrs. Curtis was formerly Miss Ellinor Kidson, and is the second daughter of the late Capt. Glen Kidson and Lady Windham

MAINLY THEATRICAL

"The Bystander" Cross-Word Puzzle Competition

THREE Prizes of One Guinea each will be given to the first three correct solutions opened. Fill in your solution in ink, also your name and address in the space provided.

Solutions must be marked "Cross-words" on the envelope. All solutions received in unmarked envelopes will be disqualified. All answers must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE BYSTANDER, GRAPHIC BUILDINGS, TALLIS STREET, E.C. 4, and must reach us by first post on Monday morning, May 4. The Editor's decision is final.



CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 12

Name.....

Address.....

CLUES:

ACROSS

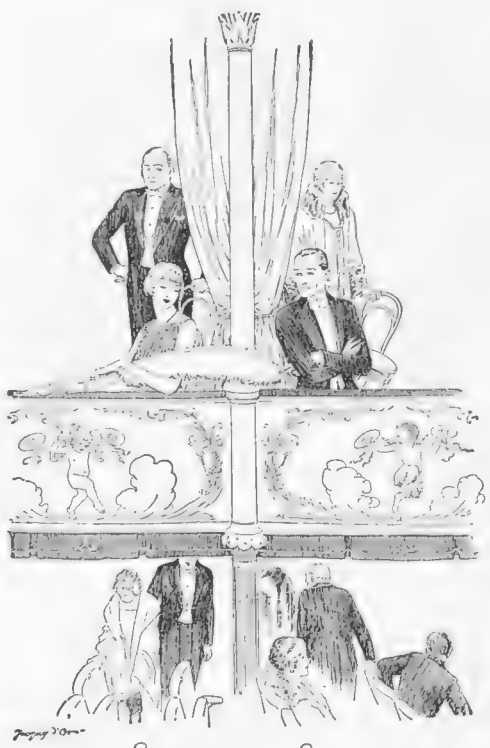
1. Well-known Variety Impresario.
7. Nigger-minstrel corner-man.
11. Postmaster's eyrie (initials).
12. Nest (French).
13. Famous Welshman.
14. Programmes and posters.
15. Miss Chester.
17. Feminine objective.
18. One (French).
19. Football Association (initials).
20. Old Style (initials).
22. What the playwright first prepares.
24. Upstairs arbiters of the play's destiny.
26. On sale at the bars.
27. Author of "Le Malade Imaginaire."
29. Most enthusiastic reception.
32. Classical male dancer, usually.
34. Master of the Ceremonies.
36. Rejuvenated by Mephistopheles.
37. Selected to perform the play.
38. Equipment.
40. "Gus" of Old Drury.
43. That Bishop of Bayeux.
44. Its name is mud.
46. Charley's relative.
47. Miss Vanbrugh the Younger.
49. Waits and ————
51. What our players should speak plainly.
54. He hates to be called Jack Tar.
56. Before the curtain.
58. Flappers do to film heroes.
61. The right kind of attention for the audience.
62. Usually followed by "weeny."
63. In the dressing-room, please!
65. Doesn't pay.
66. Gasper.
67. Finisher.

DOWN

1. Horse (very phonetic).
2. What improvident actors are often down on.
3. Miss Pounds.
4. House of call.
5. Probable patron saint of Jazz.
6. Anywhere with *the* girl.
7. Ben Jonson's boastful Captain (in "Every Man in his Humour").
8. Very popular number.
9. For the acrobats' falls.
10. East (French).
16. Being addressed now.
17. Medico.
19. Silly (French).
21. How chorus girls should move.
23. Feather-headed "birds."
24. Germany's big dramatist.
25. Look.
26. What stage meals rarely are.
27. Madam.
28. French tragic dramatist, author of "Phèdre."
30. Togs, poetical version.
31. The boxer's job.
33. Thou art (Latin).
34. Othello.
35. For chewing.
39. Thee (French).
41. How some managers start.
42. Herb o' grace.
45. For which Hamlet gave thanks.
48. Theatreland's bogey.
50. What every play aspires to do.
52. Brain wave.
53. The singer's burst.
55. Man who talks during the play.
56. Opposed to "to."
57. Open (poetic).
59. The bright one.
60. Finis.
64. The usual French particle.

The solution to our Cross-Word Puzzle Competition of April 15, with names of the three winners, will be found on page 328

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.
By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain



Scent per Scent

CRUDE NUDITIES

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY

TRUTH occasionally should be unveiled, if only to make certain of her identity.

Therefore this is no cultured literary essay, decorated with polished cynicisms. It is a blatant statement of crude fact, bludgeoned out without even the emotion of a blush.

The tailoring business of the House of Pope and Bradley is unique; amongst businesses of the first class it is easily the greatest and most successful in Europe. Income Tax assessments talk.

By reason of its scientific organisation, its prices are guineas cheaper than those of other tailoring houses of a like status—if, indeed, there are others of as high a status. This House does not care one iota whether its rivals charge more or less; it works on a basis of the highest quality and a fixed margin of profit.

Middle-class snobs, war profiteers, the Newest Rich, imagine that by paying more they secure something better. And trading liars and sycophants encourage this snobbery. But the minority male may comfort himself with the reflection that matters are infinitely worse in the women's trade. It is possible to pay fifty guineas for a Paris model in one shop, and to be charged thirty for identically the same in another.

The success of the House of Pope and Bradley is very easily explained.

It is essentially a "one man business," under the supreme control and direction of an individual, who can and does insist upon his ideas being carried out. The material used is the finest in the world. The cutters are masters of their difficult craft—good cutters are amazingly rare; the number of absolutely first-class artists available would astonish the layman, and competition to obtain their services is keen—and, more important than all, the styles of the garments are designed by an artist who leads, but declines to follow.

It is a pleasant little compliment that all the designs in men's dress initiated by the House of Pope and Bradley in the last decade have been slavishly copied by Savile Row. The net profits of this House are under 10 per cent. on its productions. If Savile Row prices were charged the controlling director would be making an added £50,000 a year, and if Fifth Avenue prices were charged, his income would be increased by £250,000. But even so he could not eat, drink, sleep, live or love any more.

This advertisement is so true that it is aggressively nude.

Lounge Suits from £9 9s. 0d.; Dinner Suits from £14 14s. 0d.; Dress Suits from £16 16s. 0d. Overcoats from £7 7s. 0d.; Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
also ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

ONE OF MANY ATTRACTIVE SHOE STYLES WITH "DRI-PED" SUPER LEATHER SOLES

NEW MODELS FOR EVERY OCCASION

"Dri-ped" Soled Footwear, in all styles and sizes for men, women, and children, is obtainable from all leading footwear stores, including all branches of:
Dolcis Shoe Co.
Upsons Ltd.
High Life Shoe Co.
W. Abbott & Sons, Ltd.
Lilley & Skinner Ltd.
Lennards Ltd.
Jacksons Ltd.
Civil Service Association
London Boot Co.
Crick & Co., &c.
"Dri-ped" repairs. Your footwear repairer can re-sole the shoes you are now wearing with "Dri-ped" leather.

FOR MANY YEARS "Dri-ped" super leather has been used in the making of the highest class footwear for golf, shooting, fishing, and similar occasions. Craftsmen shoe makers have produced their finest bespoke work from bends of "Dri-ped." The leather has gained an exclusive reputation for quality.

Now "Dri-ped" Soled Footwear is available for all occasions. Leading manufacturers have adopted "Dri-ped" for their special lines, for every type of footwear where waterproofness and unusual durability is desired. Most dealers sell this better footwear—at moderate prices. There are appropriate styles in all sizes for men, women and children.

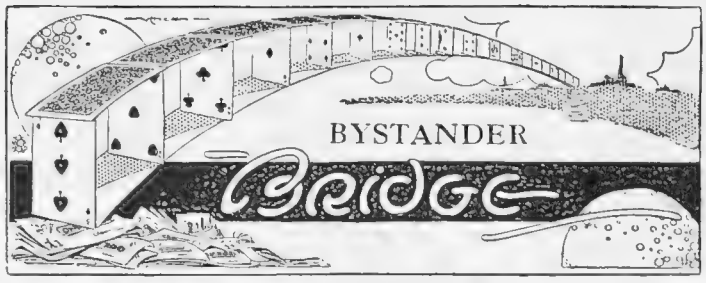
You can identify "Dri-ped" Soled Footwear by the "Dri-ped" purple diamond stamped every few inches on each sole. There are many imitators of the "Dri-ped" method of stamping sole leather, but there is only one "Dri-ped" leather produced from specially selected hides of finest quality "Dri-ped" is more than a name—it is a guarantee of unrivalled quality.

DRI-PED REG°

DRI-PED LTD., BOLTON, LANCS.

Q 310

DRI-PED SOLED FOOTWEAR



By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

BIDDING ON FOUR

In last week's BYSTANDER I dealt with types of four card major suits headed by top honours—Ace, King, or King, Queen, on which an initial bid of "One" should be made by Dealer, or, if the Dealer passes, by Second Hand. But there are other types of hands where a bid on four is recommended by American authorities. These are two-suiters. That is to say, the hand contains a suit of four and a suit of five. On the American plan you bid the suit of four first with the object of showing, if possible, your second suit later, thus giving your partner the chance of showing his preference sometimes without increasing the contract. The idea of these bids is to show first of all the suit in which the bidder holds one or more quick tricks, and, second, the suit that the bidder prefers as trumps unless the original bid suits partner. Thus:

HAND 1: S—x, x. H—K, J, x, x, x. D—x, x. C—A, K, 10, x. Bid "one Club" with a view to showing Hearts on the second round.

HAND 2: S—Q, J, 10, x, x. H—x, x. D—A, K, x, x. C—x, x. Bid "one Diamond" with a view to showing Spades on the second round.

HAND 3: S—K, Q, J, x. H—x. D—A, Q, x, x, x. C—x, x, x. Bid "one Spade."

HAND 4: S—A, K, J, x. H—x, x. D—A, K, Q, x, x. C—x, x. Bid "one Spade" not "one Diamond."

HAND 5: S—A, Q, 10, x. H—A, Q, 10, x, x, D—x, x. C—x, x. Bid "one Spade."

. . . . . .

I must admit that few if any English players would agree with the choice of "one Spade" on Hand 5. But Messrs. Whitehead and Work, who aim at standardising these bids in the United States, recommend it, and consider that objections to the procedure are more theoretical than actual. Overriding the remote risk of being left in and failing to go game with the shorter suit when holding a game hand with the longer suit as trumps, is the advantage of bidding the two suits to give the partner a more precise picture of the hand. If on Hand 5 the Heart is called first, it is difficult to bid the Spade suit on the second round when a bid of two will be required. "If," writes Mr. Whitehead, "the Heart suit is bid first and subsequently the Spade, the inference is that while the Heart is a sound initial bid the Spade is not, the bid of the lower ranking suit first denying such probability. Also that while the Heart suit may be of but four cards, the Spade must be a secondary suit" (*i.e.*, of more than four).

. . . . . .

The theory then of this American system is that a first bid in a major suit does not necessarily show length of more than four, but it shows strength. It follows, therefore, that the partner, if he does not like the suit initially called, must take out if possible, in order to give the bidder a second call.

Take this Hand No. 5. If the partner has no support in Spades—say, only two or three little ones—he should make a bid of "No Trumps," if his other cards justify, or two of a minor suit, so as to give the original Declarer the chance of bidding "two Hearts." This, it is claimed, adds to the chances of successful bidding. Of course, it must be realised that it will not always pan out successfully. The initial bid may be left in. The partner of the bidder may not be able to take out and the Declarer may have no chance of showing his second suit. Personally, while I believe in the bidding of four of a major suit when holding the minimum strength, I indicated last week I consider that on Hand 5 "One Heart" is the better bid. But make the holding—

S—A, Q, 10, x. H—x, x. D—A, Q, 10, x, x. C—x, x, and I agree that if you bid the hand at all, "one Spade" is a better opening bid than "one Diamond."

. . . . . .

Although some of these American ideas appear rather reckless to most English players, as a matter of fact they are really based upon caution. That may seem to be a paradox. But the paradox exists only because on the whole the English method of bidding is based mainly upon old Bridge ideas. The English player, as a rule, still regards his call as a *declaration*. The American does nothing of the kind. He does not expect his first bid to stand or to become a *declaration*. It is in the nature of a "feeler" or a piece of information to find out how the land lies. His object is partnership, "team-work," and in this direction, while far from endorsing all new American ideas, I am sure most of us have much to learn from them.

As long as the fundamental idea persists here that every bid must be a "business" bid (that is to say that the player must necessarily desire to play the hand in the call made), we shall lag behind the Americans. Of course, I am not asserting that all English players adopt the idea that every bid "must be a make." Far from it. But I cannot agree with the thoughtful writer in the *Times*, who recently stated that "this maxim is now entirely discarded." I meet players of the old school every day who adhere to it.

. . . . . .

As a proof that American methods are on the side of caution, take these hands, on all of which I think most English players would bid "No Trumps":—

HAND 1: S—A, Q, 10, x. H—K, J, x, x. D—x. C—K, x, x, x.

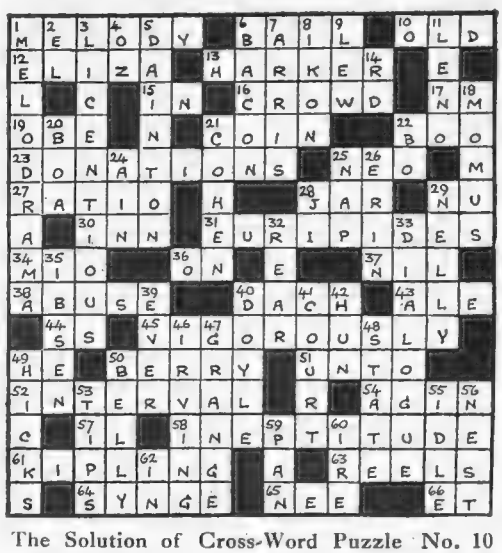
HAND 2: S—x. H—A, x, x, x. D—A, K, x, x. C—K, J, x, x.

HAND 3: S—A, J, x. H—A, J, 10, x. D—K, 10, x, x, x. C—x.

On these hands Mr. Whitehead recommends a bid of (1) "one Spade." (2) "one Diamond." (3) "one Heart." The rule advocated is: With a worthless singleton bid a suit. With a worthless doubleton, either a suit or No-Trumps. With an unprotected suit of three or more cards, No-Trumps.

They carry their caution so far that as third or fourth in hand with S—A, K, J. H—Q, J, x. D—A, x. C—A, K, Q, x, x, they advocate a bid of "one Club" in preference to a No-Trumps, because if the opponents hold the Diamonds massed against the hand and the Ace of Hearts for re-entry, there is a risk of losing game at No-Trumps when game may be possible with a suit as trumps. By bidding "one Club" the player gives his partner a chance of showing a suit.

Personally, I prefer the English method as more sporting, and I am not going to advise you if you are lucky enough to hold a hand of such a type to bid "one Club" on it in any position.



The Solution of Cross-Word Puzzle No. 10

ABOVE is the correct solution of the tenth Theatrical Cross-word Puzzle, printed in our issue of April 15. The names and addresses of our prize-winners (the first three correct answers opened), are given below:—

E. MARY DIEHARD, The Marina, Margate, Kent.
MISS F. W. EAMES, Ringley, Rhos-on-Sea, N. Wales.
L. H. HURST, 67, Parkstone Avenue, Hornchurch, Romford.

Persian Series, No. 2

[*From an original drawing by* Christopher Clark, R.I.

The Petroleum Beacon

In ancient Persia and Mesopotamia many uses of petroleum were known. People used petroleum pitch as a cement for their walls, as an ointment for the backs of beasts of burden, as caulking for their boats. They threw it flaming on their enemies. They burned it on their altars and in their beacon-lights.

The scene depicted is the night-camp of a caravan. About the low tent are grouped the resting camels and horses. The sentinel leans on his spear, while overhead the beacon throws its ring of light upon the desert around, and all about looms the night, mysterious and menacing.

In modern days the traveller has come to look upon petroleum, not as a safeguard against peril, but as an essential factor to his progress. It is part of the romance of modern industry that the great subterranean sources of petroleum, feeding the oil-springs from which the Arab skimmed his pitch, should to-day furnish the British motorist with the fuel for his car.

British foresight and industry, through the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, have exploited and developed the oilfields of Southern Persia until they are second to none in the world.

At Llandarcy, in South Wales, the crude oil thus obtained is refined into "BP" Motor Spirit. The capital is British, the labour is British, and the petrol is British—and best.

"BP"

The British Petrol

British Petroleum Co. Ltd., Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C. 2, Distributing Organisation of the Anglo-Persian Oil Co. Ltd.

GOOD LITTLE SHOWS

SOME "INSIDE" TIPS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THERE are, of course, many ways in which the biggest of the Dog Shows—remember Ranelagh on May 19, in aid of Lord Haig's Fund—must always be the most important, alike for the Dogs, the exhibitors, and the doggy public generally. But, believe me, there's also a lot to be said for many of the minor exhibitions, which often have a very special interest of their own, not alone for enthusiastic fanciers, but also for the enquiring novice, on the look-out (*a*) for an occasional doggy bargain, and (*b*) for hints, tips, and really useful bits of kennel information.

Lovers of the Bull-Terrier—generally a discerning section of the community, for the Bull-Terrier is a Dog of real character, who doesn't wear his heart on his sleeve, or expose a tithe of his charms in his shop-window—should book as a "must" engagement next Wednesday's open championship show at the Crystal Palace—B.T.'s only. Then, the week after (7th) comes the Joint Terrier Show at Olympia. To-morrow, Thursday, the South Coast K.S. has a show at the Drill Hall, at Brighton, with excellent classification; and on May 13 there will be an open show, most convenient for Londoners, and Sussex and Kent folk, at Tunbridge Wells; a pleasant venue, and the centre of a very doggy countryside. This last event, by the way, will include an afternoon display of Alsatian Police Dog Trials; in itself worth a journey. To-day (April 29) there will be a quite considerable Dog Show at Southend-on-Sea. At what are regarded as minor Shows there are often opportunities for more or less leisurely, out-of-doors examination of Dogs, and, be it noted, for gossip with exhibitors and kennelmen, such as are not easily come by at the biggest and busiest functions; and the general atmosphere—friendly and intimate—rather helps the enquiring stranger.

A correspondent in Westmorland is puzzled by the habit into which her three Pekingese seem to have fallen of sucking their thumbs, so to say. It seems the little chaps are for ever chewing, or licking, or *holding* one or other of their hands (fore-feet, if you will) between their jaws. "Of course, I suspected thorns or splinters, but have made sure that it's nothing external." Diagnosis without examination may be chancy, but the Kennelman would risk a considerable shade of odds that the cause is neuritis. The "holding" habit makes this almost certain. Pekingese, and some of the other small breeds, especially when closely inbred, become increasingly liable to muscular neuritis and to rheumatic affections, which often draw sudden, puzzled yelps from the sufferer, and, particularly, lead to that "holding" trick. Complete changes and alternations of diet are helpful; as from the partly farinaceous to the wholly flesh *régime*, etc. Climate, naturally, plays its part; but, more than aught else, Little Mary's workings require watching and regulating.

Which reminds the writer of a duty: to pass on the kindly-proffered counsel of an Edinburgh lady fancier's carefully tested experience with Blenheims and Japanese Spaniels; the gist of which is to shun heroic compounds like castor oil and make good use of such excellent stuff as milk of magnesia; say a teaspoonful for youngsters and a dessertspoonful for grown Dogs of Blenheim or Pekingese grades. The Kennelman can endorse this; also the fairly frequent use of a little minced, well-cooked Spanish onion, and the avoidance of sloppy, starchy foods.

For your health's sake

Constipation is a warning that you cannot afford to neglect. If allowed to become a chronic condition, it is followed by dyspepsia, anæmia, headaches, and even more serious troubles.

A glass of **Hunyadi** before your bath will clear away the waste products from your system, and gently stimulate the liver. No artificially compounded salts are so safe or sure in their action.

Hunyadi comes from the health-giving springs, with nothing added and nothing taken away.

GIVE IT A TRIAL NOW!

Hunyadi János

The famous Natural Aperient Water.

2/6 per large bottle, containing many doses.
Of all Chemists, Stores, Grocers, etc.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining, write to Ingram & Royle, Ltd., 45, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.1

A REALLY CHOICE PIPE TOBACCO
for those of cultivated taste.

GOLD BLOCK
CUT PLUG

1-oz. Packet 1/3½
2-oz. Packet 2/7
¼-lb. Tin 5/2

G.B.25.

Perennial Pleasure

The beauty of Ciro Pearls is not fleeting. Once bought they are a permanent investment, giving delight for years. But remember that perpetual satisfaction can alone be ensured with true Ciro Pearls obtainable only at our own establishments

Ciro Pearls

We cordially invite you to visit any of our Showrooms or you can send us One Guinea for a Ciro Pearl necklet, 16 inches long, with gold clasp in case. Wear for a fortnight and compare with any real pearls. If you can detect any difference return them to us and we will refund your money in ful

Our illustrated Pearl Booklet No. 7 sent post free.

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LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM,
GLASGOW, EDINBURGH.

Quality Tells

Wm. Sanderson & Son
Distillers, LEITH.

Established 1863

THERE'S a feeling of summer in the air again. The sporting events of the season are lining up for the start. Soon they'll be off. There's talk of old, time-honoured meetings—Newmarket, Ascot, Goodwood—meetings which the "Lincoln Bennett" has never missed since the first hat of that name was made.

Indeed, wherever Englishmen have foregathered during the past century, hats by Lincoln Bennett have been—as they will continue to be—"the thing."

SILK HATS at **35/-, 42/- & 50/-**
BOWLERS are **21/- and 26/-**
excepting such specialities as the "L.B." Hand-made at 31/6, and the Self-conforming Bowler at 35/-
SOFT FELTS **21/- and 27/6**
for the most part, but extra fine qualities at 32/6 and 37/6 are also in considerable demand.

Write for a copy of our interesting booklet "Felt Hats, and what they are made of."

LINCOLN BENNETT & Co Sackville Street PICCADILLY LONDON TRADE MARK

Lincoln Bennett HATS

of Character and Reputation

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MANCHESTER . . .	52 King Street
BIRMINGHAM . . .	50 New Street
GLASGOW	27 Gordon Street

Agents throughout the Kingdom

MOTOR NOTES

IN THE ABBEY GROUNDS

A glimpse inside the entrance to Stoneleigh Abbey, Warwickshire, the seat of Lord Leigh. The car seen in the photograph is a 12/15 h.p. Humber tourer

On many of our main roads motorists driving after dark have narrow escapes from large lorries. The reason is that the drivers of the lorries are annoyed by the glaring headlights of the motorists and adopt the dangerous practice of charging them in order to ensure that the lights shall be put out. So bad has this practice become that the A.A. is going to prosecute the offender for driving in a dangerous manner, in every case where circumstances permit. The first of these cases has already been heard at Tunbridge Wells. The evidence showed that the defendant—a lorry driver—drove straight at an approaching car. For this conduct he was fined £2 and costs.

* * *

One of the most interesting publications tracing the development of the motoring industry has just come into my hands. It deals with the history and development of the Sunbeam car during the first quarter of a century of its existence from 1899 to 1924. It is an excellent publication and extremely well produced. The photograph of the first Sunbeam car indicates the enormous strides which have been made by motoring since those early days. A copy will be sent to any Bystander who may be interested in this volume of Sunbeam activities.

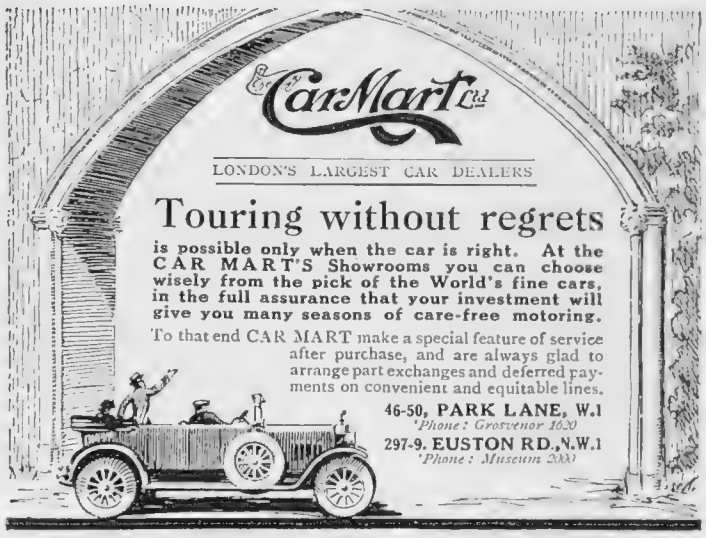
* * *

Although of comparatively recent introduction there are now more than 2,500 kerbside petrol pumps in this country. When they were first introduced the motorist viewed them with a certain amount of suspicion, as he was doubtful if he would obtain the correct quantity of spirit, and he was also not certain if the quality was correct. Action on the part of the big distributing companies has now dispelled his fears and the two-gallon petrol tin is slowly but surely losing its popularity. There is one bar to the wider development of the petrol pump, and that is the fact that no local authority has power to license the erection of a kerbside pump. Their erection on a footpath is illegal and in many cases they are also claimed to cause obstruction. A Bill is before Parliament which will allow of local authorities granting licences for these pumps, and it is to be hoped that this Bill will soon become law.

* * *

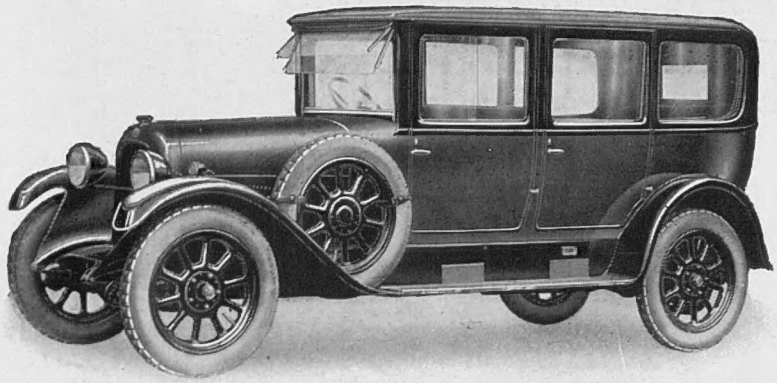
It is a matter of general knowledge that the Vauxhall is a fast car, but it is not so widely known that this make retains its speed performances in spite of advancing years. The latest evidence of this fact is given by a 1914 Vauxhall which recently took part in races on the Penrith Speedway, one of the best-known dirt tracks in Australia. In the five-mile handicap for cars of all powers this veteran car was second, but made the fastest time of the race. Pitted against the fastest motor-cycle at the meeting, a Douglas, the Vauxhall, though it did not win, beat its previous performance and set up a new car record for the track at a speed of

(Continued on page 334)



FIAT

The Car of International Reputation



The Pullman of the King's Highway.

REDUCED PRICES
Now in operation

10/15 H.P. CHASSIS (Tax £11)	**£225**
Torpedo (*Popular*)	£280
Torpedo (*Sliding Front Seat*) ..	£325
2-3 Seater	£315
Coupé (*Fixed Head*)	£365
Saloon	£375
All-weather	£385
¾ Coupé (*English Coachwork*) .	£470
10/15 H.P. CHASSIS (LONG) (Tax £11)	**£245**
Coupé de Ville	£415
15/20 H.P. CHASSIS (Tax £14)	**£310**
Torpedo	£490
¾ Landaulet (*English Coachwork*) ..	£660
Saloon (*English Coachwork*) ..	£650
Saloon (*with Division behind Driver —English Coachwork*)	£660
20/30 H.P. CHASSIS (6-cylinder) (Tax £21)	**£440**
Torpedo (*English Coachwork*) ..	£685
Saloon	£900
¾ Landaulet (*English Coachwork*) ..	£875
Enclosed Landaulet (*English Coachwork*)	£915
40 H.P. CHASSIS (6-cylinder) (Tax £27) Front Wheel Brakes.	**£720**

Standard equipment for every touring car and chassis, except the Popular model, includes: Electric Lighting Set and Starter, Lamps, Clock, Speedometer, Spare Wheel, and 5 Michelin Tyres. Any type of coachwork supplied.

Gradual Payments arranged.

Illustrated Special Booklet post free.

20/30 h.p. 6-cyl. Saloon

Tax **£900** £21

THIS model is another striking illustration of Fiat unprecedented Value.

The coachwork is of the highest grade, rich in appointments; of sturdy construction; and provides accommodation for seven persons.

The six cylinders are cast *en bloc* with detachable head. Crankshaft is supported on five main bearings. Four speeds forward and one reverse. Also supplied with front wheel brakes £30 extra.

WARNING.

With every Fiat Car a full guarantee is issued by this Company. Every purchaser should obtain this guarantee and see that it bears the chassis and engine numbers of the machine purchased. The public is warned not to purchase a car without this guarantee.

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FIAT (England) LIMITED.

FIAT

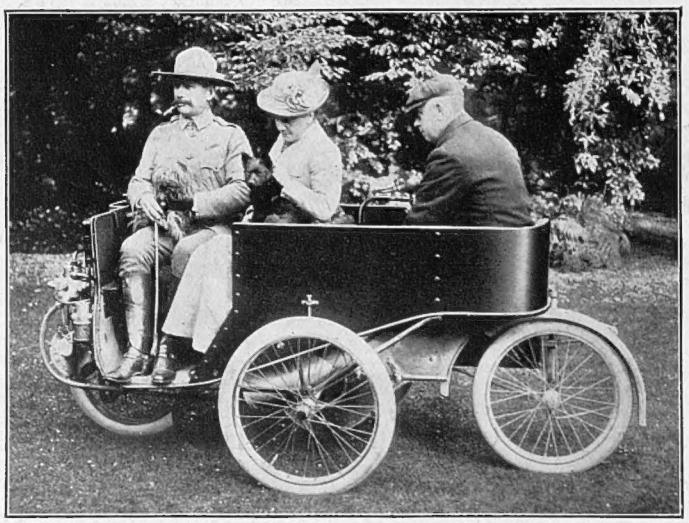
approximately 63½ m.p.h. This performance of a car eleven years old made from a standing start will be admitted to be a very fine one.

* * *

THE decision last January to postpone the motor-car tours to Timbuctoo has in no way interfered with the progress of several trans-African exploration parties organised by M. André Citroën, the pioneer of Sahara motoring. The most important of these missions has opened up a definite overland route between Algeria and the Belgian Congo. The latest telegram received by M. Citroën announces that the expedition has reached Stanleyville, the town intimately associated with the great explorer. Very important geographical and scientific results have been achieved, the mission having collected much valuable material and data for the study of the fauna and geological formation of the regions through which it has passed.

* * *

I HAVE just had a most interesting trial of the new 18-55 h.p. six-cylinder Talbot. This model has only recently been introduced, but in my opinion approaches as near perfection as it is possible for a car to do. On taking over the car the first thing that struck me was the entire inaudibility of the engine; in fact, I did not know it was running until I pressed the starter-button. This feature of silence applies to the whole of the running of the car, practically the only sound audible being a slight whisper from the carburetter. After wandering about in traffic for a time, chiefly on top gear, I set off on the open road *en route* for Brooklands. On the way I had to subject the car to an unpremeditated brake test, owing to the vagaries of a lorry-driver. I certainly was travelling fast, and I had to put the four-wheel brakes on hard. The Talbot stopped in an amazingly short distance, and did not show the slightest desire to pull to one side or the other.



A THING OF THE PAST

One of the many illustrations from "The History and Development of the Sunbeam Car, 1899—1904." It shows the Sunbeam Mabley of 1901 fitted with a 2¾ h.p. engine, and steered from the back seat

ARRIVED at the track we gave the car a hasty look over, which is a wise plan before undertaking speed work. Finding everything in order, we started out to see what the Talbot could really do. In a very short distance it was doing over 60 m.p.h., the maximum by speedometer being 67. Laps at continuous speed made not the slightest difference to the car, with the possible exception that it seemed to be running better at the end. The next thing was the Test Hill. From a standing start the Talbot went over the crest of the one in four section at nearly 16 m.p.h., which is an extremely good performance for an 18 h.p. car.

* * *

I was very sorry to hand the Talbot back again, as it is a fascinating car to drive. The makers are quite justified in fitting only three speeds, as I found no occasion in the course of a fairly extensive test when another gear would have improved the performance of the car. With all its excellent features the 18-55 h.p. Talbot is by no means expensive. With a generously sized five-seater body, a complete all-weather equipment, and every accessory, the price is only at £825. This car would be ideal either for open or closed bodies, while the moderately-sized engine makes it most economical to run.

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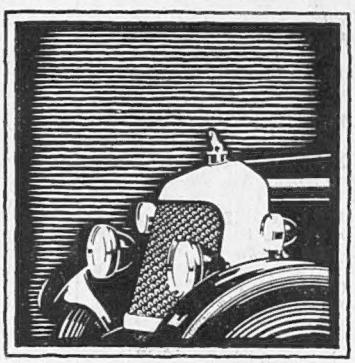

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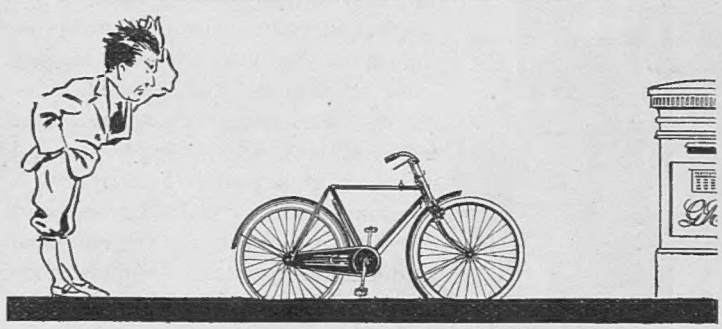

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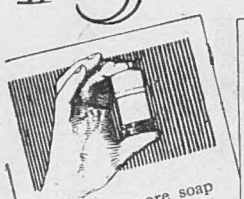
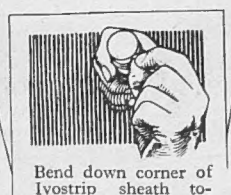

To expose more soap press the cap down as far as it will go


Bend down corner of Ivostrip sheath towards the ring

Pull the strip outwards and downwards against the cutting edge.

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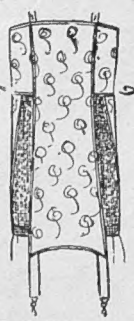
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